

Miss Belfair—You did not catch my name, Mr. Blunt. I am Miss Belfair. Mr. Blunt—What, not the beautiful Miss Belfair? He heard so much of—Philadelphia Call.

Mamie—What are you writing, Minnie; your will? Minnie—No; I'm writing my will. George proposed last night, and I told him I'd answer to-day.—Terre Haute Express.

The circus tumbler makes his summer sail from a spring board, landing on a mattress that breaks his fall. He will do this all winter if inducements are held out.—New Orleans Picayune.

"Quimby, I hear, is going to branch out as a prize-fighter." "Holy Grail! He'll never make a success of it. He can't run a little bit." "No, but he's an excellent elocutionist."—Lincoln Journal.

Skidmore—There goes one of the most remarkable men of the present day. Hawkins—Indeed! Who has he done? Skidmore—Began keeping a diary Jan. 1 and didn't stop until last week.—The Cartoon.

Col. Bourbon—Parson B. is getting lots of free advertising. Mrs. Bourbon—What's he been doing? Mixed up in some scandal! Col. Bourbon—No; he has invented a new automatic cork-screw.—Texas Siftings.

Broker—I'm sorry, Uncle Rastus, that I can't do anything for you this morning, but charity, you know begins at home. Uncle Rastus—all right, sah. I'll call around at yo' house this evening 'bout 7, sah.—Time.

Child—The minister said to-day that in Heaven there was no marrying or giving in marriage. Mamma (who had just had a little domestic fight with papa)—No, my dear, all is peace and quiet there.—Philadelphia Record.

There are a million men in this country who don't like a cigar store and ask: "Have you a good cigar?" And not one of them has ever found a tobacco store honest enough to reply in the negative.—Detroit Free Press.

"You have plenty of reading there," said a visitor to the literary editor, pointing to a pile of books on the editorial desk. "They are not for reading," answered the literary editor "they are for reviewing."—Boston Courier.

"Is there any way to make new furniture look as though it had been made a century ago?" asks a correspondent. There is. A houseful of children will do it ninety-nine times out of a hundred.—Burlington Free Press.

Old gentleman (watching little boy fishing)—Do you go to Sunday-school, little boy? Little boy—Yes, sir. Old gentleman—Then, of course you don't swear? Little boy—No, sir; not when I'm fishin'. I wouldn't ketch nothin'.—New York Sun.

American—How is business in England now, Mr. Jokely. Mr. Jokely—Depressed, indeed. My business is particularly dull. American—Indeed! By the way, what line are you in? Mr. Jokely—I am an editor of London Punch.—Lovel Lovell.

In a race between a zebra and an ostrich held in Zanzibar recently the prize was given the rider of the zebra, although the ostrich came in 100 yards ahead. The zebra's jockey claimed that his rival won on a foul, and the judge sustained him.—Harper's Bazar.

"First bon vivant—Do you know, Nelly, that glass bottles injure the quality of wine? Second bon vivant (quoting a bottle and an empty glass) Good heavens! Mr. Knobb, is that so? Then we won't let this wine stay in the bottle another minute."—Texas Siftings.

Boglar—I see that Johnson has gone into the frog business again. It's one of the curiosities of human nature that people will not take warning by disaster." Mrs. Boglar—"On the same principle, I suppose, that some widows get married."—Terre Haute Express.

Chumley—Yes, Clara is certainly a lovely girl. I used to be very soft on her, Dumley. In fact, I think I would have married her but for the determined opposition of one of the family. Dumley—Her father, I suppose. Chumley—No; herself.—San Francisco Examiner.

"James, George," she said, "Uncle James is a lawyer, as well as papa and Uncle Henry." "Henry is a lawyer, dear," he remarked with a loving smile. "Yes, George; but they are handy for a young lady to have in the family in the event of any crawling, you know."—Time.

An article recently published on the universal uses of the hairpin mentions, among other things, that it is "excellent to stir an impromptu lemonade." Certainly. And if such a lemonade were strained through a fine tooth comb it would, of course, be perfected.—Terre Haute Express.

Lady Gray—Professor, among your lectures on England, Italy, and Canada, which draws the best? Professor—Canada. Lady Gray—And which draws the most aristocratic audiences? Professor—O, Canada. Brings in all the bank tellers and confidential clerks.—The Cartoon.

Miss Waldo (firmly and with heroic look in her eyes)—I shall marry Clarence, papa, come what may. My widely influential, I am sure, will lead him to reform. Father—I didn't know he was dissipated. Penelope. Miss Waldo—He isn't papa, but his grammar is something atrocious.—Epoch.

Emma (who has over \$20,000 a year of her own)—Do you think, Fanny, that he loves me for myself alone? Fanny (who has had experience)—Yes, indeed! Of course he cannot marry your money without you, and I really think he would as soon love you with it; and that is a passionate sort of love—for a man.—Life.

A Kentuckian who returned home from a visit to Philadelphia a week ago told his friends that he tasted a new beverage while in the Quaker City. From his description of the fluid it is believed that a practical joker persuaded him to swallow a glass of water by telling him that it was a "milk shake."—Norristown Herald.

He (at Saratoga)—You must permit me to compliment the hat you have on, Miss Keepaway; it is most tastefully trimmed. She—O thank you, Mr. Vere de Vere. But isn't it rather unusual for gentlemen to give their attention to such matters? He—Well, yes, I suppose it. But a man who has as trimmed as many show-windows as—um—yes, excuse me, Miss Keepaway, perhaps you are finding the night chilly.—Epoch.

A CONFESSION.

Do you remember, little wife, how years ago we two together saw naught but love illumine life in sunny days or winter weather?

Do you recall in younger years to part a day was bitter pain? Love's light was in clouds of tears till meeting cleared the sky again.

Do you remember how we two would stare into each other's eyes, till all the earth grew heavenly blue and speech was lost in happy sighs?

Do you another thing recall, that used to happen often then? How, simple passing in the hall, we'd stop to smile and kiss again?

Do you remember how I sat And, reading, held your hand in mine. Caresing it with gentle pat—One pat for every blessed line?

Do you recall how at the play Through hours of agony we tarried? The lovers' griefs brought us dismay; Oh, we rejoiced when they were married!

And then walked homeward arm in arm, Beneath the crescent moonlight new, That smiled on us with such a charm; So glad that we were married too.

Ah me, 'twas years and years ago When all this happened that I sing, And many a time the winter snow Has slipped from olive slopes of spring.

And now—oh, nonsense! let us tell; And now—oh, nonsense! let us tell; You'll hide our blushes I'll not. Well—We're ten times worse than we were then.—W. J. Henderson, in the Century.

My Narrow Escape.

I never told anybody how very, very near I was to death that night, just a year ago; but as I can now look back and calmly recall each thought, each word, each act, I think I will write it down as a warning to all who may find themselves similarly circumstanced, hoping, with all my heart, that the number may be few.

In the first place, my name is Frederick Putman. I am, and have been for the last ten years, the foreman and bookkeeper of the large lumbering establishment of William Winston & Co., and hope to be for another decade, unless something else turns up.

Mr. Winston is the resident partner and manager of the manufacturing part of the business. The other members of the firm, of which there are two, live in the city, at the foot of the lake, and attend to the sales of lumber, which we send them by vessels.

This is by far the largest share of what the mill cuts, although the amount of our sales directly from the mill, to supply the country west of us, is quite large.

Well, one cold December evening, just as I was preparing for home, I heard footsteps on the creaking snow outside, and presently the office door flew open, as though some one in haste had given it a push, admitting a tall, stout, well-dressed man, with a small traveling bag in one hand and a shawl thrown over one arm.

I was alone—Mr. Winston having gone to the house some half an hour before, locking the safe, in which we kept our books and papers, and taking the key with him, as usual.

I had already closed the damper to the stove, put on my overcoat, and was just in the act of turning down the lamp—but, of course, I waited.

"Good evening, sir," said the man, bustling up the stove, and kicking the damper open with his right foot. "Has Winston gone to the house?"

I answered that he had.

"When? I was afraid of it." He drew out his watch—very fine one, I thought.

"I shall not have time to go up," he said. "The train is due in fifteen minutes."

"Is there anything I can do?" I asked.

"I wanted to leave some money with Winston. I intended to stop in town a day or two, but I have just got a dispatch that calls me home."

"What name sir?"

"Anderson, of Andersonson."

I knew him, then, though I had seen him but once before. He had been one of our best Western customers. I said had been, for the reason that he had not been so prompt. In fact, he was considerably behind, and Winston had that very day told me to write him, and "punch him up a little," as he expressed it. The letter was then in the breast-pocket of my overcoat.

"I will give you the money with me, sir, and I will give you a receipt."

He seemed to hesitate, which nettled me somewhat. I have never blamed anybody since, however.

"How much is my bill?" he asked, eyeing me, sharply.

I answered promptly, for I had struck the balance not more than half an hour before:

"Eleven thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars and twenty-three cents."

"Humph! less than I supposed. Write out a receipt for that amount."

He left the stove, and came and looked over my shoulder while I wrote.

"It is all right, Mr. Putman. I know you now. You've been with Winston a long time. I can tell your signature anywhere."

He drew from an inside pocket a large black wallet, round and full, and counting out eleven different piles of banknotes, he told me to run them over. It was a short and easy task, for each pile contained just ten one hundred dollar bills.

The balance was in fives, tens and twenties, and it took more time to count them; but at last we got it so that both were satisfied.

At this moment we heard the whistle for the station. Anderson sprang for his traveling bag, and giving me a hasty hand-shake, was off on the run.

I closed the door, and counted the money again. Finding it all right, I wrapped a piece of newspaper around it, and slipped it into my overcoat pocket.

I did not feel quite easy to have so much money about me; but as Winston's house was at least a mile distant, I concluded to keep it until morning when I could deposit in the bank.

I closed the damper again, drew on my gloves, took the office key from the nail just put out the light, as I did so, I saw a bit of paper on the floor, which, on picking up I saw the receipt I wrote for Mr. Anderson. He had dropped it in his hurry. I put it in my pocket, and thought no more about it, only that I would mail it to him. I would have done it then, but as the last mail for that day had gone out on the train which took Mr. Anderson, I could do it just as well in the morning. Then, too, I was in something of a hurry that night, for I had an appoint-

ment; and I may as well state here that it was with a young lady, who, I hoped, would be my wife before many months.

I hastened to my boarding-place, ate my supper, and then went to Mr. Winston's wearing the overcoat with the money in it, as I did not feel easy about leaving it in my room. Carrie was at home, of course, as she was expecting me, and leaving my coat and hat in the hall, I went into the parlor.

I do not think a repetition of our conversation would be very interesting, so I will pass over it, merely remarking that nothing occurred to disturb me until I arose to take my leave.

Carrie went into the entry for my coat and hat, that I might put them on by the warm fire, but she came back with only my hat.

"Why, Fred, you certainly did not venture out on such a night as this without an overcoat!"

"No overcoat?" I exclaimed, in a dazed sort of way, for the thought of the money, flashing upon me suddenly, had almost stunned me.

The next moment I tore past her like a madman, as I was. The coat was gone!

Then I was unnerved. I grasped at the stairrail, and caught it just in time to support myself. Carrie came running out her face pale with alarm.

"Oh, Fred! are you sick? Let me call mother and the doctor! You are as white as a sheet!"

"No, no, Carrie!" I entreated. "There I am better now."

And I was better. I was strong, all at once—desperately strong. And what brought about this change? The simple receipt which I had in my pocket. Anderson had nothing to show that the money had been paid; and was not my unaided word as good as his?

I was foolish enough to believe that I could brave it through, and I grew confident and quite easy at once.

"There, Carrie, I am much better now. The room was too warm. I guess. Some sneak-thief has dodged in and stole my coat. Well, let it go. It was only an old one, and I'll have a better one in your pockets!" asked Carrie.

It is strange how suspicious guilt will make us. I really thought that Carrie suspected me, and an angry reply was on the end of my tongue. I suppressed it, however, and uttered a falsehood instead.

"Nothing of consequence, Carrie. A good pair of gloves and some other trifling notions."

"I am glad it is no worse, Fred. Now, if you will wait just a moment, I will get you one of father's coats to wear home."

Thus equipped I left her.

You may guess that my slumbers that night were not very sound, nor very refreshing. I never passed a more miserable night and in the morning my haggard looks were the subject of remark.

"Why, Fred, you look as though you had met a legion of ghosts last night!" said Winston. "What is the matter?"

"I had a bad night off," I answered, with a sickly smile.

"And you'll have another, if you're not careful. You had better keep quiet to-day. By-the-way, did you write to Anderson?"

I don't know how I managed to reply, for the question set me to shivering from head to foot, and I was so weak that I could scarcely sit in my chair.

"I must have answered in the affirmative, however, for he said:

"Then we may look for something from him tomorrow, or next day?"

Immediately after he added:

"Why, Fred, you shiver as though you had the ague, and you are sweating like a butcher! You're sick, man! Come! jump into my cutter, and I'll take you home."

I was glad of the chance to get away, and reaching my room, I looked myself in.

Winston sent a doctor round, but I refused to see him. Then Winston came himself, but I would not open the door. The landlady came, then some of my fellow-boarders, but I turned them all away.

All those were terrible hours that I passed, and the night coming on brought me no relief. Can you not guess what I was meditating? Toward that I was, I had at last resolved upon self-destruction.

I commenced my preparations with the same calmness and deliberation that I would have used in the most common transaction. I wrote a short explanation for Carrie, another for Mr. Winston, a third for my poor mother; and I sealed them all. In a fourth envelope I enclosed the receipt to Mr. Anderson.

All this accomplished, I went to my secretary, and took out the weapon of death. It was simply a revolver, small and insignificant enough in appearance, but all sufficient.

I examined the cartridges, to make sure that there would be no failure. I sat down before the fire, and placed the cold muzzle to my forehead.

In another second I would have been lifeless; but just as my finger began to press the trigger there came a tap on my door.

It startled me, and hastily concealing my weapon, I called out that I could admit no one.

"Not me, Fred?"

I knew Carrie's voice, and a yearning to look on her loved face got the mastery of me. Quietly slipping the tell-tale letters, which I had left on the table, into my pocket, I opened the door.

"Oh, Fred, you are real sick!" exclaimed Carrie, the moment the light fell on my face. Why did you not send for me? Aren't you better?"

"Worse," I answered, huskily; "but, Carrie—good heavens!"

As I uttered this exclamation I started back, and then forward; and then—I hardly know what, for, hanging across Carrie's arm, was my overcoat!

Recovering from my astonishment, I snatched it from her, and thrust my hand into the pocket. I drew out eleven thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars and twenty-three cents.

You have heard about, and perhaps seen, the singular capers of a madman, or the wild antics of those crazed with rum, or the grotesque dancing of savages. Well, judging from what Carrie told me, and from the appearance of my apartment after it was all over, I am led to believe that, were it possible to concentrate the three above-mentioned species of demons into one, their capering and dancing would appear tame in comparison with mine that night.

But I cooled down after a while, and just in time to save Carrie's head a thump from the chair or the washstand, which I had selected as partners in my crazy waltz.

Then I asked for an explanation. It was the simplest thing imaginable. I

do not know why I had not thought of it before. It was simply a blunder of Carrie's father. He had mistaken my coat for his own, and worn it all town, never dreaming that a small fortune was lying idly in the pocket.

Well, I didn't have the brain fever over the affair, but I was the next door to it. I made a clean breast of the whole thing excepting my attempt, or rather, my resolve, at self-destruction. No one ever guessed that part of it, and I tell it to-day for the first time.

I sent Mr. Anderson his receipt, handed over the money to Mr. Winston, and went right on with my duties, a wiser and a better man, I hope. And to-morrow, God willing, I shall lead Carrie to the altar.

Reading Over Old Letters.

In these busy days how many people ever find time to rummage over a package of time-stained old letters, and then they themselves up to the spell of quietly reading them? No; even if giving away to the seashore or the mountains, they preferably stow away a novel or two in the valise and trust to these to supply them with all the needful romance. And yet there is more romance to be got out of one package of old letters from intimate associates of one's youth than half a circulating library of life novels.

Most men and women of forty or fifty the untirred memories of early days of life has grown utterly vague and shadowy. All forgotten with them is how they used to exult, weep, hope and despair—all forgotten how rapturous the wine of youth was, how bitter its dregs and lees. But now comes the package of old letters to the rescue. Under its enchanting wand the sensations become poignant, startling as the drama of the past begin to unroll and scene after scene breaks in with its old vivid associations.

The first to be opened is perhaps a letter from the loved dead, dear old mother. It was written when her boy first left for the boarding school or to seek his fortune in the world, and the abas of time and heart beats with the old fears and hopes, the old clinging embrace, the old boyish resolve never to bring grief or shame on such devotion. Next comes a letter from a Damon or a Pythias of a far-away schoolmate. "Poor Tom!" the heart sighs before one begins to read, as one calls how sad a fate in life the unhappy fellow had. But no trace of the old Tom is left. Tom is the old young Tom of fourteen years. He has just been to a dancing party, where he had a collier and the Virginia reel with a fair Mary Phelps. She looked like an angel, Tom's affidavit for it. Her eyes danced with joy, and Tom thought he knew the reason why. Then followed a college letter. It was from the reader's dear, proud sister. She had heard about her brother's unhappy schoolmate. Susan Alcott had written her that it was pronounced a combination of the charm of Cicero, the fire of Demosthenes, and the Ganges volume of Burke. Yes, the rejuvenated old fellow remembers this was just what he once believed of "himself, and was finally sure of, when his classmates looked around him and nearly shook their heads at him.

And then the failures! Ah, the glamor of beauty, time and distance thrown over steep and rugged experiences. Why may not heaven at last turn out to be just such a "reading of old letters?"

Plenty of Presbyterians.

The Presbyterian Church (North) reports the following statistics for 1888: Twenty-eight synods, 202 Presbyteries, 997 candidates, 314 churches, 5,789 ministers, 6,543 churches, 722,071 communicants, and 793,442 Sunday school members. The contributions have been as follows: Home missions, \$544,695; foreign missions, \$748,425; total, \$1,293,120. The school work, \$78,182; church work, \$228,364; aid for colleges, \$215,000; freedmen, \$106,647, making with amounts for other objects, a total of \$1,217,783. These figures show an increase of 135 ministers, 107 churches and 25,204 communicants. The total of contributions is \$1,719,161 in excess of that of 1887. The statistics of the Southern Presbyterian Church for 1888 are: 1,129 ministers, 2,228 churches, and 156,249 communicants, indicating a net increase of 13 ministers, 44 churches and 5,851 communicants. The total of benevolent contributions is \$1,463,478, the largest in the history of the church.

It Was a Welcome Sound.

It is not so very many years ago when the ice cart was unknown in New York. Young folks when told of this wonder how the people of the thirties and forties got along without it. Now the heavy, rumbling, lumbering yellow cart goes triumphantly through even the East side tenement districts and finds plenty of customers. Every family, however poor, must have its bit of Rockland Lake, or other ice, and when the thermometer reaches 30 deg. the ice man is obliged to fight his way through the swarm of buyers that surround his van. It's a luxury and a necessity as well, and the grateful look of the poor infant panting upon its mother's lap when a small piece wets its parched lips is most eloquent praise to the "Giver of every good gift."

"Ah!" exclaimed a famous good manager as he was taking of a frozen cake that kept him a month in bed and led him to the brink of the unknown land, in all my experience I never heard sweeter music than when my nurse was coming up stairs and the broken ice in her big pitcher jingled against its resounding sides!—New York Times.

How to Baffle Ticklers.

A correspondent of Science writes as follows: "I was a very ticklish youngster, and my comrades sometimes used that weakness for their own amusement. One boy used to show how little effect tickling had upon him; but one hot summer day, as he was lying reading, I tickled him on the ribs, and he almost went into convulsions. I found that he was far more sensitive than any boy in the company, and he revealed his secret to me under condition of my never telling anyone else. By holding his breath he became pachydermatous, and would let anyone tickle him as much as they pleased; but of course they always gave it up at once when they saw his solid look. I tried the plan, and it worked admirably; and it is my only protection, even unto this day, for my cuticle is as sensitive as ever. The deduction is simple; a man holds his breath and the tickler is baffled."

How He Was Cured.

I was sitting one summer evening, not many years since, in front of the Planter's hotel, in St. Louis, in company with Colonel Dan Rice, the veteran circus man, and three or four gentlemen of the newspaper fraternity, when a well known compositor, and an occasional writer as well, joined the party. He had recently arrived from Indianapolis, but was acquainted with all in the company except Colonel Rice. Upon being introduced, he observed:

"Delighted to meet you, Colonel Rice. I am always especially pleased to make the acquaintance of circus men."

"Ah!" said the colonel. "And why especially the circus men?"

"The man from Indiana was in for it, and being greeted by every one of the party contented to let the story of what he called 'an afternoon's terrible experience with a circus company,' and it was about as follows:

"Several years ago, soon after the close of the year, I held 'casses' on an Indianapolis daily. For several months preceding the annual state fair, I had been working very steadily; and, as I could pull together a good 'string,' I had accumulated quite a stake. About the second day of the fair I put on a 'sub.' I also put on a new and nobby suit of gray clothes and a white plug hat and started to see the sights, do the fair, and 'have a time.' I hadn't looked into the bottom of a tumbler for months, but as I sauntered down, Washington street I met an old friend, a buggy and started on my address friend for the fair ground.

"Now it happened that our route took us by a hard place kept by one Wes Wright, known as 'Hell's Delight,' and there we stopped. I noticed that my friend appeared to know everybody in the house, and it was filled by a rather motley-looking crowd.

"I had invited several to whom I had been introduced to join us in a drink, and we appeared to have become the center of an interested and admiring throng. One after another the introductions followed, until the long bar was filled with men drinking at my expense. It had become monotonous.

"However, we all drank, and it was at about the moment the glasses were drained that I turned to my friend and inquired:

"Who are all these people to whom you are introducing me? What are they? Where are they from?"

"His reply was: 'They belong to Robinson's circus, which is showing here.'"

"Then the whisky that was in me spoke, and said, in a very insulating manner: 'Well, if you are of any use, I don't want to make the acquaintance of any more circus people this afternoon.'"

"The man nearest me was a gymnast named Davenport, and he lost no time in hitting me square between the eyes. The words were scarce spoken when the blow came. I was comparatively young then, had some sand, and returned the blow as quickly and as vigorously as I could, might have held my own with one man; but I was one against fifty. My friend, soon as the fracas commenced, sneaked out of the front door, jumped into the buggy—the buggy I had hired—and drove off. The accommodating saloonkeeper leaped over his bar, locked the front door to keep out the police, and let the fight go on.

"The engagement became general, with the odds all on the side of the circus. How long it lasted, I have no idea. I remember that I was knocked and kicked from one end to the other of the big saloon, and back again several times. It seemed that a rallying cry had been sounded; that every member of that circus company had been called up to give me a lick or two to assist in my utter destruction. Finally, I knew nothing. The fracas began about three o'clock in the afternoon. When I came to, it was after night. I was lying on a billiard table, surrounded by sympathizing friends, with a layer of beef-steak spread over my bruised face. There wasn't an inch of my body that wasn't a sore. I was a terrible-used up man; my nose was bloody and dirty, my mouth was ruined, my plug hat was gone, and so was my watch, and my wallet. It took four dozen leeches to cure my black eyes, and it was two weeks before I could relieve my 'sub.' I was informed afterward that when the men, including the big canvas crew, had got tired of mauling me, the ladies of the company passed in procession by my dead body and each gave a kick.

"It was a lesson to me, for since that afternoon I have not even smelled a cork, and consequently have not been in condition to make insulting speeches, and thus get into difficulty. Now, gentlemen, you can understand why I express myself as especially pleased to make the acquaintance of circus people. I feel that in a manner, I am greatly indebted to them."

Colonel Rice afterwards became a temperance lecturer, but whether he ever repeated the typist's story, I do not know. I remember that he chuckled while it was being related, and remarked that as a rule, when a circus man got into a difficulty the whole company would rally to his assistance.—Merced, in Arkansas Traveler.

Takes Things Easy.

A doctor warns vacationists that their chief danger is in going too fast. "The most common error at the start is in overdoing." There is a walk of several miles on a mountain; or, if it is bathing in the sea, an hour is spent among the waves. "Degreelying to grow into anything," says one of the old writers, "is reserved into wise men."

He adds that any change that is made in our mode of life should be gradual, and that the extent of any kind should never be the extent of fatigue. As to bathing, it is to be remembered that man is not an aquatic animal." The trouble with those who seek a summer's rest is that they are carried away by the novelty of new situations and do not content themselves with peacefully enjoying anything. This is particularly so of women.

Plenty of Time.

Mrs. Von Schoot Tower (who lives on the top floor of an apartment house where there is no elevator)—"Bridget, I heard the down-stairs door-bell ring just now. So I finished washing the floor, then see that the parlor is well dusted, and put clean aprons on the children. See that their hands and faces are clean, too. Then tidy yourself up and put on your white cap and apron, and be ready to answer the up-stairs door-bell when it

THE SAVAGE WAY.

How the Indian Treats an Injury—Old Time Methods.

The savage is emphatically the child of nature. He lives close to nature, his only education is gained in nature's school.

When the Indian receives an injury, he does not seek a cure in mineral poisons, but binds on the simple leaf, administers the herbal tea, and, with nature's aid, comes natural recovery. Our rugged ancestors, who pierced the wilderness, built their uncouth but comfortable Log Cabins and started the clearings in the woods, which in time became the broad, fertile fields of the modern farmer, found in roots and herbs that lay close at hand nature's potent remedies for all their common ailments. It was only in very serious cases they sent for old "saddle bags" with his physic, which quite as often failed as cured.

Later day society has wandered too far away from nature, in every way, for its own good. Our grandfathers and grandmothers lived wholesome, purer, better, healthier, more natural lives than we do. Their minds were not filled with noxious isms, nor their bodies saturated with poisonous drugs.

Is it not time to make a change, to return to the simple vegetable preparations of our grandmothers, which contained the power and potency of nature as remedial agents, and in all the ordinary ailments were efficacious, at least harmless?

The proprietors of Warner's Log Cabin remedies have thought so, and have put on the market a number of these pure vegetable preparations, made from formulas secured after patient searching into the annals of the past, so that those who want them need not be without them.

Among these Log Cabin remedies will be found "Log Cabin sarsaparilla," for the blood; "Log Cabin hops and buchu remedy," a tonic and stomachic remedy; "Log Cabin cough and consumption remedy," "Log Cabin hair tonic," for strengthening and renewing the hair; "Log Cabin extract," for both external and internal application; "Log Cabin liver pills," "Log Cabin rose cream," an old but effective remedy for catarrh, and "Log Cabin plasters." All these remedies are carefully prepared from recipes which were found after long investigation to have been those most successfully used by our grandmothers of "olden time." They are the simple, vegetable, efficacious remedies of Log Cabin days.

Tested.

"Yes, darling," he said, in tones of deep tenderness, "I would do anything to show my love for you."

"Ah!" sighed the gentle maiden, "that's what all men say when they are striving to win a woman's heart."

"Put me to the proof," he exclaimed, in wild, passionate tones, "put me to the proof, test me and see if I fail. Set me any task within the bounds of possibility, and it shall be performed."

"Ah!" she murmured, "if I could only believe you."

"Put me to the test. Say to me to do this or that, and it shall be done."

"Then I will put you to the test."

"Ah!" he exclaimed, exultingly, "you shall behold the height, the depth, the length, the breadth, the circumference of my love! What is the test?"

The maiden dropped her snowy lids until the silken lashes rested on the peach bloom of her cheek, a slight dimpled the corners of her mouth, and bending over the youth, who knelt at her feet, she whispered: "Marry some other girl!"—*Boston Courier.*

The ladies of Indianapolis have organized a club on the same basis of rules as govern the clubs of the other sex. Stocks in the club can be held by women, and the objects of the organization are: "To promote and encourage literary and scientific purposes, and to buy, hold, mortgage, and sell real estate, and to erect and furnish a suitable building used for literary, artistic, scientific, musical and educational purposes, and thus to provide a centre of cultivation for the public, and particularly the women of Indianapolis, Ind."

Scared by a Phonograph.

Odd stories are told of doings at Wizard Edison's home in Orange. One of the most amusing occurrences there happened not long since, when a stranger was present. After an evening largely devoted to a discussion of electricity, the guest went to bed. He had barely drawn the covers over him and settled down to sleep, when a voice apparently from the clock on the dressing-case said, in measured tones: "It is now 11 o'clock."

The startled guest threw off the covers, sat bolt upright, and felt the hair rising all over his body. Could he have been dreaming? No, he was wide awake. Arising, he turned on the electric light, searched every corner of the room, examined the innocent-looking clock, and finally called in Mr. Edison. The latter assured him that there was no one in the room, and with half quivered fears the guest returned to bed.

Half an hour had been consumed in the vain search for the origin of the mysterious voice, and the guest passed another half-hour in speculating upon the occurrence. Just as he had persuaded himself that the sound had been only a part of a dream and was going off into a half doze, the same voice in the same measured tone called out: "The hour of midnight has arrived! Prepare to die!"

There was no mistake this time, and the terrified guest, without waiting to turn on the electric light, rushed across to Edison's room. The wizard, broad awake and half dead with laughter, permitted his guest to rap three or four times and then responded to his call.

"Mr. Edison," said the disturbed sleeper, "there's something uncanny about this house. I wouldn't sleep here all night if you'd give me the place."

Edison suppressed his laughter, heard his guest's story, and then, going to the room, showed the stranger that there was a tiny phonograph concealed in the clock and so set to give forth its solemn announcement of the hours. The offending clock was removed and the guest slept soundly for the remainder of the night.—*New York Telegram.*

An economist explains that three cigars a day will supply a family with meat. The economist has evidently got his facts mixed. He means cabbage.—*Binghamton Republican.*

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Care of Animals.

Said a farmer who lately read a paragraph in some agricultural journal that animals repay the cost of food and care bestowed on them: "Last year I bought a horse that proved older than I thought him, and was generally so inefficient that I regretted my purchase. When the winter came I fed old Whitey because it suited my principles; but I really grudgingly fed him every day he got and much of the hay. My wife took his part, and the settled—the pony had to have ration. When spring came he was in good order and felt well, but I felt almost sorry he was alive, and often said I would almost give him away. Whitey came out of the winter finely, and in due time I set him to work. Everybody says: 'How your pony has improved,' and I am going the rest. He is worth all he cost, and will be a good horse for years to come. The fact is that he was abused by his old owners until he was diseased, and was turned out to die as no account. The man who sold him to me made a speculation, for he let him winter as he could. When I got him he suffered for the want of winter's keep, and having been taken good Christian care of last winter, he came out in the spring a kind of horse from what he was in 1887. The \$10 worth of worth of feed he ate all winter made him what he is, and was well invested.—*Portland Oregonian.*

Preserving the Frog.

Reference is here made to that very important cushion beneath the horse's foot—the frog, so called. If, in seeking a horse, we take up the foot and find the frog well-preserved, the cushion, so to speak, wide, full and soft, the probability is that the remainder of the foot will be in good order. There may be an exception to this in the case of a used-up horse having been turned out to pasture for a period long enough to permit the frog to take on new growth. If the frog be fully protected and well maintained, the hoof will be found but little if at all contracted, for the very good reason that the hoof can not readily contract if the frog be up to its normal size in every way. But it is the smith, the horseowner, who ruins the frog; that is, very many of them do this. During the many years that the writer has driven horses he has always made it a rule to be present during the shoeing, and has never permitted more than the slightest trimming of the frog, nothing more than the trimming off of insignificant parts, already nearly detached. The smith can mutilate and seriously damage the hoof by the use of the rasp, but fortunately, the frog is proof against attacks by this instrument, and even the knife requires to be sharp, else the peculiar nature of the frog will prevent the knife from doing a profuse source of injury to the frog, and should be overcome at the earliest possible day. Confinement upon a dry, plank floor is damaging by keeping up too complete a state of dryness. Cutting the frog away at the time of shoeing, then setting the foot upon caulkings in such manner as to prevent the frog from pressing upon the ground, will, sooner or later, interfere with its development and usefulness. The most important function of the frog is to lessen the shock to the foot in its contact with the ground. This being the fact, it should be so maintained and the shoe so constructed that at every step the frog can come in for a share of the pressure upon whatever substance the horse is required to tread.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Scab and Foot-Rot in Sheep.

Somebody has said, "Nothing succeeds like success." So long as there are good results men work with energy and judgment; but when trials come, and there are no profits to encourage effort, they become careless, indifferent and neglectful.

In sheep-raising this is as true as in anything else. When sheep are profitable it is easy to take good care of them. They seem to eat less, die less, and make nice mutton and in less time than any other stock on the farm. At such times there is a real joy and enthusiasm in sheep; shepherds seem never tired of attending to and talking about their sheep; they keep wool in their pockets to show to each other, and it is pleasantly hinted that they have "wool in their teeth." But when the depression comes shepherds are mired on sheep and wool topics. And if you will go to their sheep barns you will find that they have gotten careless and the sheep are doing badly. The owner will declare to you that he can not see why his sheep are looking so badly; he will declare he feeds them the same as he used to, but all to no purpose; he can't understand what ails them. The sheep can not tell, and only an old sheepman knows that they have been neglected.

Scab and foot-rot always follow depressions in prices of wool. As soon as prices begin to rise again, sheepmen begin to ask how to cure these ills. While these two ailments are serious enough, they are by no means the worst known to sheep, provided the flock has been well fed and kept in good health. They can be cured by any one who will take the time and give the attention and go to the trifling expense. No one ought to buy a scabby sheep at a low price, or at a sound price. Such flocks are not held at such good prices, either. They are often sacrificed on account of their diseased condition. Had I such a flock, they should be cured, and not discounted. I were I buying, though, it would be another thing altogether; then experience and skill should be worth something to me; these were bought and paid for years ago, when I was in the business. A careless man, who would allow his flock to become thus diseased, deserves to be the loser. And the man who proposes to give time and pains to fitting up a diseased flock ought to make some money by it.

Just here, be it remarked, we need severe laws on the subject in every state. Australia has a law on scab that is a model. Southern latitudes need such a law more than northern, but there is needed a statute on this everywhere. Foot-rot depends upon soils a great deal. Rocky and alkali soils will cure foot-rot. Yet in Vermont many flocks have foot-rot, and it is a shame to their owners, for there ought to be none there. It is due to carelessness and neglect, and everywhere else.—*Practical Farmer.*

Some of the Advantages of Fall Rye.

Rye is a crop that can be made to render more service to the farmer and dairyman than any other, yet it is more frequently overlooked and discarded

than it should be. It is a plant that not only endures the cold of winter and heat of summer, but it will grow on the richest soil or the poorest sandy land. In some sections it is really the clover of sandy soils, for without its aid the advantage of green manuring would be unavailable, and as it can be made to impart more to the soil than it takes from it there is no risk in growing it under any conditions. Even the seed is cheap, while the cultivation necessary is very little compared with other crops. As a profitable grain crop it is behind oats, wheat, barley and corn, but the straw is more valuable than that of any other crop for which it is sometimes grown alone.

Leaving out the value of rye as a grain crop entirely it still ranks high in more ways than one. The fact that it can be sown in the fall, and made to produce a late supply of green food for other grasses have ceased growing, should prompt farmers to devote a space to rye every season, but its usefulness extends further. The severe cold of the hardest winters will not injure it, and early in the spring, long before grass begins to grow, rye appears in its green condition to afford a supply of succulent herbage to the stock at a time when it is most needed. It allows the stock the privilege of eating off the early growth, and when grass appears, and the eye is no longer required, it will grow out again and make a crop of grain. It can then, in early spring, if preferred by the farmer, be plowed under instead of being allowed to seed, and it will provide an excellent manure for the corn crop.

In one respect rye is a cheap crop because it requires no land for its growth, to a certain extent. That is, if the seed is sown in the fall on land intended for corn in the spring, and the rye turned in before planting corn, the rye simply holds the land that would otherwise be uncultivated during the winter. It is also excellent for land intended for potatoes, and as it assists in keeping down weeds, it saves much labor in that respect.

As rye can be pastured at nearly all stages of growth, and can be turned under as a green manure agent at any time, the farmer who fails to sow it will deprive himself and his stock of a most valuable plant, and as it can be sowed down at any time that it is on the land for that purpose should be prepared without delay. Of course, it thrives best on rich land, but even the poorest soil should be sowed to rye rather than to leave it uncultivated.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Farm Notes.

Hay should be of the best quality. Grass is more valuable for hay when cut in the bloom. If allowed to seed it loses a portion of its feeding value. Hay should never be over-ripe.

Soapuds are valuable. For celery there is no liquid manure superior to it, and as an invigorator for melons, squash and cucumbers it is excellent. Cultivation of the corn land should not cease until the crop is harvested. But that which sprouts the melons is dry and harsh and thin. Unlike the sweet field grasses, we will not gather it in.

But the master said, "foolish! For many a weary day, through storm and drought, he had labored. For the grain and the fragrant hay. The generous earth is fruitful, and bread of summer blow. Where these, in the sun and the dew of heaven, Have ripened soft and slow."

But on the wide bleak marsh-land Hath never a plough been set, And with rapine and rage of hungry waves The shivering soil is wet.

A Great Institution in Paris.

There is not much fashion in Paris just now. The world of Paris is taking its pleasure elsewhere, but there are crowds daily at the Bon Marche, buying gloves for one franc, ninety-five centimes (thirty-nine cents), that are buttonless and very "swell," or regular Slendes in six or eight-button lengths. This, of course, is an "occasion," and an "occasion" at the Bon Marche is an event. In all Paris, a short time since, the banking house, which is more remarkable in its internal system than in its external size and complexity, had an "occasional" exclusively for the sale of white goods and garments. The one day's sale netted eighteen hundred thousand francs and took one hundred vans eight days to deliver.

The Bon Marche feeds its own employees, 3,600 every day. The kitchen is a wonder and its staff of cooks equal to those of several hotels. The whole region is a miracle of cleanliness and order, and the most perfect system. A hundred men are employed in washing dishes, and a second staff exclusively in cleaning knives. The food is of the best quality and is cooked with a simplicity. The pots are huge copper cauldrons, the bakings pans larger than the top of an ordinary stove. Everything shines; and the glass, silver and china would compare with any ordinary hotel. One hundred girls are lodged in the house. They each have a room to themselves, of good size and very nicely furnished. They are those who have no parents or relatives living in Paris; and Madame Bon Marche has the space for them, dwelling, to provide for them, when the problem of their proper protection presented itself. Their wages, over and above their living, are obtained from a percentage on their sales; and they often save enough to provide themselves with a "dot" or marriage portion.

The system of the Bon Marche is unique, and the results a marvel. By the death of the founder, the enormous business has passed into the hands of directors, chosen by the founders from old employees, who in turn choose a council, from which directors will be taken to supply the place of such directors as reach the age of fifty; at which period they retire, by the terms of the will, from active directorship, but with abundant means. In this way the interests are carried on, on precisely the old lines, of giving the best possible thing for the least possible money, and the employee a share in the rewards.—*Jenny June.*

The Master and the Reapers.

The master called to his reapers: "Make scythe and sickle keen, And bring me the grain from the uplands, And the grass from the meadows green; And from off the mist-cold marshes, Where the salt waters meet and foam, And the wind sprouts the reeds, To furnish the harvest-home."

Then the laborers cried, "O master, We will bring thee the yellow grain—That waves on the windy hill-side, And the tender grass from the plain; But that which sprouts the marshes Is dry and harsh and thin, Unlike the sweet field grasses, So we will not gather it in."

But the master said, "O foolish! For many a weary day, through storm and drought, he had labored. For the grain and the fragrant hay. The generous earth is fruitful, and bread of summer blow. Where these, in the sun and the dew of heaven, Have ripened soft and slow."

But on the wide bleak marsh-land Hath never a plough been set, And with rapine and rage of hungry waves The shivering soil is wet.

A Triumph of Railroad.

One day an old man named Ivan Petrovitch Mastoff, who had never been out of his own village, made up his mind to have a look at "Mother Moscow," the real capital of Russia.

Now it happened that the down express and the up express met each other at the station of Bologoy (midway between Moscow and St. Petersburg), where the passengers of both trains stopped for half an hour to have supper. Among the crowd of people who got out of the other train Ivan suddenly recognized an old friend. The two went into the refreshment room together, and had a chat over their steaming tumbler of tea and lemon juice, and then Ivan, without thinking of what he was doing, got into his friend's train instead of his own, and was soon traveling back to the spot where he had started.

Their talk went on merrily for awhile, for Ivan's friend never thought of asking the old man which way he was going. But presently Ivan began to grow silent, and at length, after sitting for nearly five minutes without uttering a word he suddenly broke out:

"Ah, Pav! Yuriyevitch," (Paul, son of George), "what a wonderful thing these railroads are, to be sure! Here I am going to Moscow, and here you are going to St. Petersburg, and yet we're traveling in the same car!"—*Russian Cor. Boston Globe.*

A Dangerous Business.

"You were in the war then Captain McKillen?"

"Oh, yes ma'am; fought all through it."

"Is there not," she said hesitatingly, "a great deal of danger in battle?"

"Well, yes," the captain replied reflectively, "there is, there is. So many men standing around, you know, and so much careless handling of firearms, as is almost sure to occur during a battle, makes it really very unsafe."

Miss Lillipup shuddered and then resumed:

"Are not people severely injured at times?"

"Yes," the captain said, "they are. I once had a friend who was hurt so badly that he couldn't leave his room for several days."

And then she said there ought to be a law against them, and he said he believed the Legislature of Ohio contemplated some such action at its next session.

How to Cure Poor Memories.

Visitor (to idiot asylum some years hence).—"What is the matter with that man?"

Superintendent—"Softening of the brain, we believe; can't tell. He appears to be as wise as any one, but his personal history shows that his memory is liable to such bad lapses that it is not safe for him to be at large."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; he was a city official once, but when called on to testify against other officials in some boodler cases, it was suddenly discovered that he could not remember anything at all. The courts ordered him sent to this lunatic asylum, and he'll stay here until he recovers."—*Omaha World.*

Love's Labor Lost.

"Now, George, dear," said a fond little Newark wife to her husband of a year the other day, "this is your birthday, isn't it? You see I didn't forget if you did, and I've been working dreadfully hard for four months to get a surprise for you, and I'm going to give you something that's all my own work."

She drew back a silken scarf as she spoke and George saw before him a large oil painting in a frame that he knew he would have to pay at least \$25 for when the bill came in.

"Now, my dear," she said gleefully, "aren't you surprised? Didn't know I could paint, did you? I couldn't four months ago, but I painted every bit of that picture myself."

"You did?" said George, "well I am surprised. How perfectly natural those cows are."

"Cows? Why, George, those are horses."

"Oh, so they are; I wasn't looking closely. I was so taken up with the natural look this old stump has."

"That stump! Why my dear husband, that's a man."

"Oh, of course it is. I see it plain enough now, and I suppose that is his little dog running by his side. Looks wonderfully like our little Fido."

"George, it isn't a dog; it's a little boy!"

"Why, I—I! the picture isn't in a good light, is it? Let's move it around a little. There; that's better. You have succeeded wonderfully with that mountain in the distance."

"George, where are your eyes? That isn't a mountain; that's a haystack."

"So it is. What am I thinking of? I've been looking all the time at that pretty rustic bridge."

"There's no bridge in the picture. You must mean that rail fence."

"No, surely not. What is the matter with this light? See, now it is a fence, and there's a white cow lying down on—"

"George Jenkins, that white cow lying down is a lady in a white dress sitting on a fallen log. You're making fun of the picture and—"

"No, no, my dear, I—I—"

"You're just as mean as you—"

"Now, now, dearie, I—I—"

"You're horrid; you just are! I'll never paint another picture as long as I live. I never will!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

My Little Boy.

I must tell you about my little boy six years old. We all know how full of life and activity little boys are at this age, how they will romp and play around the house from morning till night and when you put them to bed how quickly they drop to sleep and all ready for the night. Now my little boy would be just as tired in the morning as in the evening, his sleep seemed to do him no good, all through the night he would toss and tumble upon his bed and often in the night I would hear little pitiful moans as if he was in pain.

Many times through the day he would come to me and say that he had "such thumping right here" laying his little hand on his breast. My brother who was visiting at our place urged me to get a bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Ocean-Weed Heart Remedy, saying, "He knew it was an excellent medicine, as he was cured by taking it a few years ago. I resolved to follow his advice and procured a bottle of the drug store, which I commenced to give to my son and before he had taken all of it he could sleep peacefully all through the night and was ready in the morning to join his playmates for a whole day sport. He has taken in all but two bottles and the pain around his heart has gone, the palpitation has stopped and instead of a weak slender little boy he has grown to be a strong and healthy fellow."

I earnestly recommend to all who suffer from this "dreadful disease" to use Dr. Kilmer's Ocean-Weed Heart Remedy.

Sincerely yours, Mrs. Joseph Hoak, Galt, Whiteside County, Ill. To—S. A. Kilmer, M. D., Birmingham, N. Y.

They do say the Mikado of Japan is taking big risks with alcohol.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Agents Wanted. \$1 an hour. \$5 per week. Catalogue & sample free. C. E. Marshall, Lockport, N. Y.

After a hurricane last month, a coral reef fifty feet long, thirty feet wide and four feet high, appeared in the harbor of Vera Cruz.

First—All Fias stopped free by Dr. Kilmer's Great Nerve Restorer. No fee if it fails. Write for free literature. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free to fit cases. Send to Dr. Kilmer, 631 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The attempt to introduce chess among the working classes continues to be more and more successful.

Children Starving to Death

On account of their inability to digest food, will find a most marvelous food and remedy in Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites. Very palatable and easily digested. Dr. S. W. Corcoran of Watertown, N. Y., writes: "I have used your Emulsion in infantile wasting with good results. It not only restores wasted tissues, but gives strength and increases the appetite. I am glad to use such a reliable article."

Bernhardt's new pet is a large green lizard.

Typewriters Rented.

REMYNTO, STANDARD TYPEWRITER, for any length of time at reasonable prices. First class machines. Prompt service. A portion of the rental will be applied on purchase of machines will be sent to any part of the country. For full information write to

WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT, 196 LaSalle St., Chicago, Illinois.

Catarrh Conquered

THE GREAT COMMON SENSE REMEDY! Positive cure for Catarrh, Colds, Hay Fever, and all diseases of Head, Throat and Lungs. Book free. C. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

STOPPED FREE

Insane Per. and Nervous Restorer

For all cases of Nervous Restorer

Only \$1.00 for this "Little Beauty,"

Weights from 1/2 to 4 lbs.

Superintendent—"Softening of the brain, we believe; can't tell. He appears to be as wise as any one, but his personal history shows that his memory is liable to such bad lapses that it is not safe for him to be at large."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; he was a city official once, but when called on to testify against other officials in some boodler cases, it was suddenly discovered that he could not remember anything at all. The courts ordered him sent to this lunatic asylum, and he'll stay here until he recovers."—*Omaha World.*

Paint Friday, run it to Church Sunday. The original and only reliable is COIT & CO'S ONE-COAT RIGHT PAINT. Warranted not to crack, blister, peel or turn white and to wear at least one year. Eight Fashionable Shades. No Varnish necessary. Write for catalogue. COIT & CO., Mrs. CHICAGO, Illinois.

Men and Repair-Shops. Will deliver, free of expense, enough to paint your buggy upon receipt of one dollar. COIT & CO., Mrs. CHICAGO, Illinois.

Various Japanese towns are building water works, the Tokio works having proved so successful.

A Black Friday.—That day, when a person is first seriously attacked with rheumatism, may well be termed a black one; but if he uses Salvation Oil in time, he will soon be able to speak of a "Good Friday." It is the greatest cure on earth for pain.

The butcher does have some funny expressions: he told his assistant the other day to break the bones in Mr. Williams' chops, and put Mr. Smith's ribs in the basket for him, and tell Mrs. Black to take Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for her cold.

Georgia refused, by a majority vote of between 5,000 and 10,000, to increase her Supreme Court bench from three to five.

Warner's Log Cabin Remedies—old-fashioned, simple compounds, used in the days of our hardy forefathers, are "old timers" but "old reliable." They comprise a "Sarsaparilla," "Hops and Buchu Remedy," Cough and Consumption Remedy, "Hair Tonic," "Extract for External and Internal Use," "Plasters," "Rose Cream," for Catarrh, and "Liver Pills." They are put up by H. H. Warner & Co., proprietors of Warner's Safe Remedies, and promise to equal the standard value of those great preparations. All druggists keep them.

Gerald Massey has finished a new book, and is coming over to lecture to us.

Sweeping the Markets like an Avalanche.

The most remarkable thing in business lines is the Moxie Company, in Lowell. It is said the sales in little more than two years are over 7,000,000 bottles. This liquid food is remarkable, if we may believe what is said about it. Later, the athletes, actors and actresses, and heavy business men have taken to like mad. Yesterday word came from Malden that it had raised an old case of helpless paralysis, and another in Lowell. If this is so, Moxie is all right, with but little advertising. Later the U. S. Courts have cleared out the counterfeiter and imitators, and people are comparatively safe in using it. Anything in the liquid food line that can take the place of stimulants, without harm, as a beverage, is particularly welcome. The Company made a hit by putting it at a low price.

The revival of the tulip mania is threatened in Holland.

One of every five we meet has some form of Heart Disease and is in constant danger of sudden death.

Dr. Kilmer's OCEAN-WEED HEART REMEDY regulates, corrects and cures.

Price \$2.00—6 bottles \$5.00

Ostriches sell for \$1,000 per pair in California.

THE ONLY Brilliant Dyes Durable Economical

Are Diamond Dyes. They excel all others in Strength, Purity and Fastness. None others are just as good. Beware of imitations—they are made of cheap and inferior materials and give poor, weak, crockey colors.

36 colors; 10 cents each.

The Upsilonntian.

THURSDAY, OCT. 18, 1888.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

National.
For President, BENJAMIN HARRISON, of Indiana.
For Vice President, LEVI P. MORTON, of New York.
State.
For Electors of President and Vice President: AL LARUE—RUSSELL A. ALGER, of Wayne; ISAAC CAPTON, of Kent.
District.
I—EDWARD BURK, of Wayne.
II—JAMES R. BEAL, of Washenaw.
III—RICHMOND KINCAID, of Kalamazoo.
IV—JOSEPH W. FRENCH, of St. Joseph.
V—JAMES M. LEATHERS, of Kent.
VI—JAMES M. TURNER, of Ingham.
VII—JOHN S. THOMSON, of Sanilac.
VIII—ELIOTT F. GRABILL, of Montcalm.
IX—WILLIAM W. CUMMER, of Wexford.
X—HARRY P. MERRILL, of Bay.
XI—PERRY HANNA, of Grand Traverse.

For Governor.
CYRUS G. LUCE, of Branch.
For Lieutenant Governor.
JAMES H. MACDONALD, of Delta.
For Secretary of State.
GILBERT R. OSUM, of Wayne.
For State Treasurer.
GEORGE L. MALTZ, of Alpena.
For Auditor General.
HENRY H. APLIN, of Bay.
For Commissioner of the Land Office.
ROSCOE D. DIX, of Berrien.

For Attorney General.
STEPHEN V. R. TROWBRIDGE, of Ionia.
For Superintendent of Public Instruction.
JOSEPH ESTABROOK, of Eaton.
For Member of the State Board of Education.
PERRY F. POWERS, of Wexford.
District.
For Representative in Congress, 2d District, EDWARD P. ALLEN, of Washenaw.
For State Sen. or, 4th District, CLARK CORNWELL, of Washenaw.
For Representative, 1st Washenaw District, ANDREW J. SAWYER, of Ann Arbor.
For Representative, 2d Washenaw District, JADEZ B. WORTLEY, of Ypsilanti.

County.
For Probate Judge, GEORGE S. WHEELER, of Salem.
For County Clerk, MORTON F. CASE, of Pittsfield.
For County Treasurer, WILLIAM R. TUOMEY, of Seio.
For Register of Deeds, ALBERT GARDNER, of Ann Arbor.
For Sheriff, JACOB H. MARTIN, of Ypsilanti.
For Prosecuting Attorney, JOHN F. LAWRENCE, of Ann Arbor.
For Circuit Court Commissioners, FLORENCE C. MORIARTY, of Ypsilanti; CHARLES H. KLINE, of Ann Arbor.
For Coroners, DR. WILLIAM H. BREAKLEY, of Ann Arbor; DR. FRANK K. OWEN, of Ypsilanti.
For Surveyor, JOHN K. YOCUM, of Sylvan.

LOOK ON THIS PICTURE.
The picture shows a man in a top hat and a woman in a long dress, standing in front of a large building. The man is holding a cane and the woman is holding a bag. They are both looking at the camera. The building behind them has many windows and a large entrance. The scene is set in a city street.

On This.
The picture shows a man in a top hat and a woman in a long dress, standing in front of a large building. The man is holding a cane and the woman is holding a bag. They are both looking at the camera. The building behind them has many windows and a large entrance. The scene is set in a city street.

Prohibition Party.
The Prohibition Party in national convention assembled, acknowledging Almighty God as the source of all government, does hereby declare: For the immediate abolition of the internal revenue system, whereby our national government is deriving support from our greatest national vice.

The real issue before the people to-day, stripped of its confusing verbiage and stated plainly, is: "Shall our laboring men be sunk to the same level of compensation as those of the old world?" That is the milk in this free trade cocoon, and every laboring man who votes for Cleveland and Thurman, votes yes on that question.

Any young man who permits himself to be bull dozed into a pledge to vote a given way, before he knows whether that way leads, has put himself in a position to be led by the nose ever afterward. Better assert your manhood, and vote your convictions, independently and intelligently. Not only his country, his self-respect, but his highest personal interests demand this at his hands.

DEMOCRATS are industriously circulating reports in New York that several western states are sure to go democratic! The purpose is to give to the New York democrats a much needed courage. A signman has gone to Buffalo to assure the faithful there that Michigan is certain to be carried for Cleveland and Reform, and the fact is telegraphed back by the associated press. Democrat managers in this state have no such expectation.

DELUSIVE PERCENTAGES.

The democrat papers constantly tell us that the average tariff protection afforded under the Mills bill is 40 per cent, and as the average under existing law is but 47 per cent, they only propose a reduction of 7 per cent, which ought not to alarm anybody. Only 7 per cent, eh! Let us see: from 47 to 40 is a reduction of seven forty-sevenths, isn't it? and 7-47 is what per cent?—15 per cent, if you please, instead of 7!

The total duties in 1887 amounted to \$212,000,000. A 7 per cent reduction would cut off but \$14,840,000; and a 15 per cent reduction would reduce it only \$31,800,000. Where, then is their claimed reduction of \$50,000,000, if they have only cut down the protection 7 per cent, or even if they have cut it down 15 per cent?

This, however, is not the only juggle in those percentages. Let us illustrate: Suppose the duty on wheat and corn to be alike 25 per cent, and the revenue from wheat to be \$100,000, and from corn \$10,000. Now reduce the wheat duty to 20 per cent and the corn duty to 15 per cent, which would be an average reduction of 7½ per cent according to the democrat arithmetic, but really an average of 30 per cent. Would that reduce the revenue in any such proportion? Thirty per cent of \$110,000 is \$33,000; but 20 per cent of \$100,000 and 40 per cent of \$10,000, which make the average 30 per cent, are only \$24,000, which is less than 22 per cent of the \$110,000 revenue.

Change the relation, now, and make the corn duty 20 per cent and the wheat duty 15 per cent. The average is the same as before, but it affects the revenue differently. Twenty per cent of \$100,000 from corn, and 40 per cent of \$10,000 from wheat, yield not \$24,000, as before, but \$42,000, as the amount of the reduction. That is not the 7½ per cent which democrat arithmetic would claim as the average reduction of duty, nor the 30 per cent which would be the real average reduction of duty, nor the 22 per cent which we found to be the real reduction of revenue in the former case; but it is 38 per cent.

There's "lots" in this percentage business, you see, and when next a democrat makes his assertion about the average per cent of reduction he proposes, ask him to figure it out to its result.

A WORKING MAN'S PROBLEM.

We often hear it said that though a reduction of the tariff will reduce wages, everything will be proportionally cheaper and therefore that a laboring man will be just as well off. In the first place on their own supposition all the items in the cost of living will not be proportionally cheapened. Wheat, corn, meats, etc., are already cheaper than in Europe, and will not be affected by the reduction of tariff. These items of cost constitute, by the best authorities, about 50 per cent of the expenses of living, so the saving will be on only the 50 per cent remaining, including clothing, rents, etc. Here, then, is the problem for the workingman to study. Suppose he earns yearly \$750, and his expenses are \$700, under the present tariff. Reduce the tariff 25 per cent and the reduction falling on the goods on which the person works, his wages will fall 25 per cent also.

As we have said 50 of his living expenses are not touched, so his saving of expenses must be confined to the remaining 50. Three eighths of \$700, will be \$262.50 and 25 per cent of this is \$65.62, which represents his savings by reduction of duties. Subtracting \$65.62 from \$700, his former expenses, and we have \$634.38 as the cost of living under 25 per cent reduction of tariff. But his present salary of \$750 is reduced to \$562.50, less than his expenses by \$71.88. Thus we see that whereas, under the present tariff, he saves above his expenses \$50 yearly, under a reduction of 25 per cent, he would be in debt \$71.88.

The working man will do well to study this estimate and if we have not made it plain, we will try again.

The above is written on the assumption of the free trader that the reduction will appear in the prices of goods affected. Even granting the assumption, which we do not as a general principle, the laborer is shown to be worse off under low than under high tariff.

Would Mr. Burt have the people of Michigan understand by his "cheap John" circular, that the appropriations for our University and other public institutions are to be squeezed down to a penny wise and pound foolish basis, in order to save 10 cents of tax on a hundred dollars?

What sort of people does he take the citizens of Michigan to be? Does he imagine they have no public spirit and are not proud of the grand monuments of their own building? They do not approve of extravagance, neither are they the soulless, groveling specimens of humanity, that Mr. Burt's plan of campaign would have us infer. Neither are they so ignorant as not to know that every dollar appropriated under Gov. Alger and Gov. Luce, was honestly and wisely expended in promoting the best and most sacred interests of the state. It is an encouraging fact that is coming to the surface every day that the people are getting tired of Mr. Burt's cheap talk. They are neither "clay eaters" nor "poor white trash" who never get above the muck rake and are willing to live on roots and condemned meats, if by so doing they can add an extra dollar to their coffers. Yet Mr. Burt talks to them as if the "almighty dollar" constituted the whole object and aim of life, and that they would sell their souls to the devil, in order to save a dime, as he renounced his principles, to secure political recognition.

Such an example of downright demagogism has seldom been seen in our state, as this nondescript lumber king affords, and we mistake the temper and spirit of the democrat party, if they are not disgusted with his contemptible tricks in order to win a vote. Mr. Burt is neither a democrat nor a republican, and a nondescript has no claim upon the suffrage of anybody. In the interest of the good name of the state, and the sturdy, manly characteristics of her people, their votes should bury him beneath the sawdust which indicates the origin of his prominence and the measure of his worth.

W. L. Mr. Stearns explain why, in his Britton speech, he approved Mr. Cleveland's method of reducing the surplus by lowering the tariff, when a few minutes before, he had said that lowering the duty would increase importations, and therefore increase the revenue? Was it for the purpose of keeping that surplus in the treasury, a standing menace to the country, and a pretext for further reduction on the way to absolute free trade? Does he seek a repetition of 1846 and 1867? Turn on the light, Bro. Stearns.

DEMOCRAT DECEPTION.

"It (the democrat party) has reversed the improvident and unwise policy of the republican party touching the public domain and has reclaimed from corporations and syndicates alien and domestic, and restored to the people nearly 100,000,000 of acres of valuable land to be sacredly held as homesteads for citizens."—Democrat Platform.

On the contrary, the policy of giving public lands to aid the building of railroads was inaugurated in 1850 by granting 2,595,053 acres to the Illinois Central Railroad. There had been prior to this time a few small grants of land only. This was done by a democratic Congress, 26 democrats in the Senate voting yes, to 14 nays. In the House there were 101 yeas to 75 nays, and the policy became settled by the democrat President's signing the bill. In 1852, 2,000,000 acres were voted to aid the Hannibal and St. Jo. road, and subsequently a large grant of about 1,000,000 acres to Arkansas for similar purpose. Then came the grants in 1856 and 1857 to Iowa, Florida, Alabama, Michigan, Wisconsin, Louisiana, Mississippi and Minnesota. All these grants were made by a democrat Congress and a democrat President signed the bills. This settles the question as to whose policy was this method of disposing of public lands, and stamps the first part of the platform resolution as a falsification of facts.

Now for the lands reclaimed. The following is the list.
Oregon Central..... 810,880 acres,
Texas Pacific..... 18,500 " "
Iron Mountain of Missouri..... 300 " "
Atlantic and Pacific..... 38,871,360 " "
Tuscaloosa and Mobile..... 1,000,000 " "
Elyton and Beards Bluff..... 7,000,000 " "
Memphis and Charleston..... 1,000,000 " "
Savannah and Atlanta..... 1,000,000 " "
New Orleans and State Line..... 1,000,000 " "
Iron Mountain of Arkansas..... 50,682,240 "

The first bill for forfeiting these lands was reported by Ezra B. Taylor of Ohio, a republican.

The second, by Mr. Reed of Maine, a republican. These bills were proposed in the 47th Congress and in the 48th Congress three bills passed, Mr. Payson of Illinois, a republican, introducing the third one, every republican voting for it. All the other bills covering the grant to the great Atlantic and Pacific of 24,000,000 acres, were introduced by Mr. Payton and all passed with a unanimous republican vote with one exception which was given by Mr. Barr of Pennsylvania as a joke, the gentleman remarking that in so important a matter there should be some opposition. Now this ought to settle this matter to the satisfaction of everybody.

The plain facts in this case are that the policy which the democrats take so much exception to was inaugurated by the democrat party, and when the time of forfeiture came both parties united in passing the bills to accomplish it. It was not a partisan measure in any sense and the democrats are simply doing business on borrowed capital, whether to their credit or not, let others judge.

"The tariff is a tax added to the price of an article." "The cost of our commodities is increased to the consumer by the amount of the duty." These are declarations of President Cleveland and the whole free-trade phalanx, iterated and reiterated every day, and now Thurman repeats it in his letter. We do not wonder at their persistency. Unless they can make people believe that they have no point in all their opposition to the protection policy that is worth a rush. But what an estimate they must put upon the popular intelligence, to think they can make people believe it. Daily experience and observation decide the question, and every time a man buys a spool of thread or a suit of clothes, a pound of nails or a hand-saw, a sack of salt or a pair of shoes, a stove or a dozen screws or a carpet or a book, he knows that our prices are lower than he ever saw them before, and that under the operation of protection they have steadily declined until he would be ashamed to ask that they go lower. Under such a state of affairs, the task that the free-traders have set themselves, of making people believe they are robbed by the tariff in the prices of the goods they buy, is one the magnitude of which they will appreciate after the election, if they can realize it now. The people of this country are not fools.

Gov. LUCE is a man whom all parties respect and honor, not only for his exalted personal traits, but for the untiring assiduity and intelligent zeal which he has summoned to the discharge of his arduous and exacting official duties. No man has ever given closer attention to his private duties than he has to his official obligations. No man ever gave a more zealous and intelligent oversight to the sacred interests entrusted to his keeping. He has been faithful and vigilant in the discharge of his high functions, and we believe that the voters of Michigan will show, by their votes, that they are capable of appreciating his unselfish and wisely directed efforts to promote their interests and administer their laws. Honest, faithful and judicious, he has given us an administration which should be our pride and boast, and which we should reward by continued favor and support.

THE innate tendency of our democratic friends to choose the wrong side is seen in the way they deal with the tariff. For instance, our government levies a license fee on the foreigner for the privilege of selling his goods on our markets, and forthwith the average democrat shouts, "the fee is levied on our own citizens." It is a case of mistaken identity. A stranger drives into town with a load of oranges and the council exacts a fee for the privilege of selling them. Forthwith such is their logic, all our grocers put up the price of oranges. This is free trade logic, but do they do it? Don't they oftener put the price down? Observation says they do.

W. L. Mr. Stearns explain why, in his Britton speech, he approved Mr. Cleveland's method of reducing the surplus by lowering the tariff, when a few minutes before, he had said that lowering the duty would increase importations, and therefore increase the revenue? Was it for the purpose of keeping that surplus in the treasury, a standing menace to the country, and a pretext for further reduction on the way to absolute free trade? Does he seek a repetition of 1846 and 1867? Turn on the light, Bro. Stearns.

Mr. Stearns Responds.

The Queer Character of His Authority on the Texas Wool Clip.

Mr. Stearns, the democrat candidate for Congress in this district, sends us the following courteous note respecting our criticism of his statement of the Texas wool crop, in his speech here:

MAYBE, Oct. 9.
ED. UpsilonNTIAN—I see by the Commercial that you question the correctness of my figures on wool production. I regret that anything I should say would be regarded incorrect, and if I have erred in my statistics it is because my source of information is wrong. I enclose herewith the card of Louis Fiske & Co., leading Commission Merchants of Philadelphia, dealing in wool. I presume they had no desire to mislead, as they are republicans. Kindly note the figures they gave, and if you think that fairness dictates editorial comment upon my explanation, or upon your reference to my remarks, I shall be pleased to note it. I do not desire to make an erroneous statement, nor will I, if I know it. You will see that Texas gives 38 millions of wool. Possibly it is incorrect but I admit that it is my authority, and as it is issued by parties not interested in making it wrong. I know statistics are at variance, and I think you will credit me with sincerity in making my assertions. I relied on this statement and believe it is true.

Respectfully,
W. STEARNS.
Merely remarking that if Mr. Stearns relies only upon the Commercial for his information, his knowledge of what we said in our criticism must be very imperfect, we pass to the consideration of the authority which he submits to us. It is a large card bearing the name of "Louis S. Fiske & Co., Wool Commission Merchants, Philadelphia," and purports to give, by states and territories, the "wool clip of the United States in 1887." A careful examination of it increases, rather than diminishes, the surprise we expressed in the first instance, and confirms the impression we then expressed that Mr. Stearns is ignorant of the subject of which he attempted to talk. That he is innocent of intentional misrepresentation, we are quite ready to believe, and that he is as innocent as a baby, in another sense, is evident.

The astonishing character of the Fiske table on which Mr. Stearns has been basing his speeches, is shown by our table below. The first column of figures gives the number of sheep in each state and territory in 1887, as reported by the Agricultural Department, and the last column shows the pounds of wool credited to each by the Fiske card. The middle column shows the number of pounds per head necessary to produce the amount of wool claimed for each state and territory:

	No. of sheep.	Lbs. claimed.	Wool per head.
Maine.....	25,162	3,159,724	125.94
New Hampshire.....	195,220	1,171,560	59.99
Vermont.....	378,171	2,300,044	60.82
Massachusetts.....	63,570	373,740	58.95
Rhode Island.....	23,250	131,470	56.56
Connecticut.....	50,477	320,562	63.53
New York.....	1,973,860	9,473,186	47.99
New Jersey.....	156,230	838,034	53.64
Pennsylvania.....	1,094,273	6,955,928	63.56
Delaware.....	25,204	148,794	59.04
Maryland.....	105,310	901,260	85.60
West Virginia.....	389,066	3,561,936	91.55
Virginia.....	439,225	3,061,936	69.93
North Carolina.....	450,068	2,740,378	60.89
South Carolina.....	108,218	715,528	65.18
Georgia.....	466,532	2,796,915	59.97
Florida.....	90,188	541,068	60.00
Alabama.....	1,023,001	4,343,540	42.45
Mississippi.....	242,971	1,457,826	60.00
Louisiana.....	111,730	670,380	60.00
Texas.....	4,701,831	23,070,860	49.07
Arkansas.....	224,660	1,347,960	60.00
Tennessee.....	561,515	3,369,070	59.99
Kentucky.....	688,029	3,773,772	54.85
Michigan.....	2,156,127	12,586,762	58.38
Indiana.....	1,023,001	4,343,540	42.45
Illinois.....	925,291	5,521,236	59.78
Wisconsin.....	1,073,544	6,855,294	64.80
Minnesota.....	278,123	1,668,072	60.00
Iowa.....	435,488	2,502,988	57.48
Missouri.....	1,182,272	7,093,032	59.94
Nebraska.....	439,700	2,638,300	60.00
Dakota.....	250,309	1,537,254	61.41
Colorado.....	1,106,852	3,841,112	34.64
New Mexico.....	4,025,742	22,575,936	56.08
Nevada.....	674,430	3,046,430	45.33
Oregon.....	2,530,029	7,218,742	28.53
Washington.....	555,739	3,443,512	61.98
Montana.....	754,288	2,697,904	35.78
Wyoming.....	534,029	4,272,160	79.83
Idaho.....	1,061,384	5,161,384	48.63
Utah.....	628,285	3,566,280	56.76
Arizona.....	675,711	5,017,068	74.26
Indian Territory.....	254,000	1,524,000	60.00

It ought now to be sufficiently manifest that the faulty character of that table, which Mr. Stearns admits as possible, is much more than possible; and that when he declares his belief in the correctness of the figures, he shows that he has given them no intelligent examination and has no intelligent ground for his belief. It is perfectly evident that those figures are based upon no returns whatever. Who ever prepared the table on the Fiske card, simply multiplied the number of sheep reported by the Agricultural Department, in 32 states and the territory of Dakota, by 6, on the assumption that the clip averaged six pounds per head in each of those states. But after absurdly running through all of the states from Maine to Louisiana, from Indiana to Missouri and from Michigan to Dakota, and even including California, at that uniform allowance, they jump to an average of over 8.1 pounds per head for Texas, and drop to 3½ for Kansas. Ohio, alone of all the states east of the Missouri River, varies from the 6-lb. average and is allowed but 5½, and New Mexico is given the same. The amounts given to Idaho in the extreme north and Arizona in the extreme south, and Wyoming and Utah in the middle, are found by multiplying their number of sheep by 8; while for the remaining Pacific states and territories amounts are arbitrarily given which require the average fleece to vary from 4½ lbs. in Nevada and 6.2 in Washington, to 7.2 in Oregon and 9.3 in Montana. No one will pretend that there is either such extreme variation there, or such perfect uniformity elsewhere; and it is quite evident, as we have said, that the figures are based upon no returns whatever. For what purpose the table of Fiske & Co. was made, we leave to Mr. Stearns to find out. That they must be honest because they are republicans, is a presumption which does credit to his general observation, rather than to his acuteness in this particular case.

The Agricultural Department quotes Mr. James Lynch of New York as giving under date of Sept. 26, 1887, his estimate of the Texas wool clip at 26,000,000 pounds; and the Department endorses him as "a recognized authority upon wool statistics." That is something less than six pounds per head. For what purpose over twelve and a half millions are added in that card used for Mr. Stearns' speeches, and a half pound per head deducted from Ohio, we do not undertake to determine.

The New York Mugwumps are very busily engaged in a down Hill job this campaign.

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WATLING & JAMES,
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common pimple on the face to

that awful disease Scrofula.

SULPHUR BITTERS is the

best medicine to use in all

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deep seated diseases. Do not

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or mercury, they are dead

end. Place your trust in

SULPHUR BITTERS, it

will cure you. It is the

best medicine ever made.

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with yellow sticky. Don't wait until you

substance? You are unable to walk, or

breath foul, and you are flat on your back.

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stomach is out, will cure you. Sulphur

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STONES OF MEMORIAL.

LESSON III, FOURTH QUARTER, IN-

TERNATIONAL SERIES, OCT. 21.

Text of the Lesson, Josh. iv, 16-24—Com-

ment Verses 20-22—Golden Text, Josh.

iv, 23—Commentary by Rev. D. M.

Stearns.

(Condensed from Lesson Helper Quarterly, by

permission of H. S. Hoffman, Philadelphia,

publisher.)

In the first chapter of this book we saw

Joshua encouraged; in the second, the two

springs received and protected by Rahab, and

bringing to Joshua further encouragement;

in the third, the preparations for the crossing

of the Jordan and the actual passing

over; and now in the fourth we have a more

full account of the passing over, with the

details concerning the twelve stones. In some

of our hymns we sing about Jordan as if it

were a symbol of death, and as if Canaan

represented heaven; but a very little thought

would show us that the fact that in Canaan

there were many enemies to be subdued and

many fighting to be done, proves that it was

not a symbol of heaven, nor the Jordan a

symbol of death.

10. "The priests which bore the ark stood

in the midst of Jordan until everything was

finished that the Lord commanded Joshua." Any

unbelief which is impossible with God, and

all that he has purposed shall in due time

be fully accomplished. Jesus said before he

was crucified: "I have finished the work

which thou gavest me to do," and one of his

last words on the cross was: "It is finished." (John xvii, 4; xix, 30.) All that the Father

has given Him shall come to Him; all Israel

shall be saved; all the earth shall be filled

with His glory; the works of the devil shall

all be destroyed; the Kingdom shall come

and the will of God be done on earth as in

heaven.

"The people hastened and passed over." The

command of God ought to be obeyed cheer-

fully and very promptly; it is not for us to

say to-morrow, or time enough, but today is

the word both for sinner and saint.

11. "All the people were clean passed over."

Three times do we find the last three words

of this expression (vs. 11, 12, and ch. iii, 17,

and the word "clean" is precisely the same as

the word "finished" in verse 10, so that the

thought of a complete work is kept constantly

before us. What rest it should give our souls

when we remember that though now so im-

perfect He will perfect that which concerneth

all His people and present us faultless before

the presence of His glory with exceeding joy,

and not one thing shall fail of all He has

undertaken to do; all shall be accomplished.

12, 13. "Forty thousand prepared for war

passed over before the Lord unto battle." These

were of the two and a half tribes who

received their inheritance in the days of

Moses on the east of Jordan; but they had

agreed not to enjoy the land which the Lord

had helped their brethren to cast out of the

enemies on the west side (Num. xxxii, 20-23),

and only when the land was possessed

and the enemy subdued did they return to

enjoy their possessions. (Josh. xxii, 1-9.) As

believers we are expected to be one with all

our brethren in Christ, armed with the whole

armor of God, resisting and conquering our

common adversaries, the world, the flesh and

the devil.

14. "The Lord magnified Joshua in the

sight of all Israel." He was the Lord's repre-

sentative, and as the people moved forward

at his command and saw the mighty power

of the Lord through him, they had to con-

firm that the God of Moses was with Joshua,

and so they feared and revered him as they

did Moses, and the Lord magnified Joshua

by working through him. God has magnified

His son Jesus, and will magnify Him before

all nations, for "all kings shall fall down be-

fore Him, all nations shall serve Him." If

we determine that Christ shall be magnified

in us and yield ourselves to Him accordingly,

He will magnify us here by working in us

His mighty works, and at His coming by

making us just like Himself.

15, 16. "Command the priests that they

come up out of Jordan," and this at the com-

mand of the Lord to Joshua. How strange

it seems that they were not left to their own

judgment as to when and how to do some

things, but no, everything must be at the

command of the Lord. One of the strangest

things to see in the Bible is that when Je-

sus himself was commanded by the Father

what to say, and the Father who dwelt in

Him did His works. (John xii, 49; xiv, 10.)

17, 18. "The waters of Jordan returned

unto their place, and flowed over all his

banks, as before." Not until the feet of the

priests were up on the dry land did the waters

return to their place. Most thoughtful and

perfectly does God do all things, and at the

right time and in the best way; it is just

glorious to trust and obey Him.

19. "The people came up out of Jordan

the tenth day of the first month." This was

the day on which the passover Lamb was

chosen (Ex. xii, 3), and as they kept the pas-

sover on the tenth day of the month, they

must have selected the lambs on the very day

on which they came up out of Jordan, their

first day in the promised land. This is the

third passover of which we have any account.

Note the truths for the believer: Redemption

from bondage by the Lamb (Ex. xii); the

only joy in the wilderness is in the Lamb

(Num. ix), and the rest of the promised land

is in the Lamb; all things in Christ, nothing

apart from Him; Jesus, our wisdom, right-

eousness, sanctification and redemption.

20. "Those twelve stones." These stones

shall be for a memorial unto the children of

Israel forever. (v. 7.) A nation chosen to

make God a name, chosen to be His people

forever (1 Chr. xvii, 21, 23), that through

them His name may be magnified. They

were in themselves weak and sinful and the

fewest of all people, but God redeemed them,

led them, fed them, clothed them, fought for

them, forgave them when they sinned against

Him, and gave them this land that they

might honor Him and magnify His name,

keeping in memory all His dealings with

them. In addition to the lessons from the

twelve stones, to which we have already re-

ferred, the faithful among them would often

think of "the Shepherd, the stone of Israel"

(Gen. xlix, 24); and the twelve precious

stones ever borne upon the shoulders and

breast of the High Priest would constantly

point to them of their nearness to God, and

His love for, and care of them.

21-23. "Let your children know." These

wonders of the love and power of the Lord

their God at the Jordan and the Red sea, as

well as all the wonders of the wilderness, the

manna, the flesh, the sweetened waters, the

water from the rock, the giving of the law,

the rod that budded, the serpent that healed,

as well as all His wondrous judgments, were

to be constant themes of conversation with

their children. They were to talk of all His

wondrous works and declare His doings. If

in Christian homes today the children never

hear father or mother speak of the wondrous

love and doings of Him who died on Calvary

for us, if we have nothing to say about our

joy because He has redeemed us, having for-

given us all our sins; nor of the many ways

in which He has delivered us in answer to

prayer; if we do not manifest that He is to

us a living bright reality, our most intimate

and confidential friend, how can we expect

ORANGE trees about Clearwater, Fla., are now in full bloom, the third time this year.

THE state of Coahuila, Mexico, is just gathering a cotton crop of phenomenal excellence and extraordinary yield.

TENNESSEE'S comptroller estimates that the state valuation has increased \$75,000,000 to \$100,000,000 the past year.

IMMIGRATION into Canada from Europe thus far this year has reached 54,000. Of this number, 40,000 have proceeded direct to the United States.

A CROP of colts, a crop of early lambs, plenty of the best of butter to each cow and lots of pigs to sell must be the foundation of our future farming. Prepare for it this season.

LOOKING over the record of actual experience carefully, we find that the annual income from a butter-making cow, fresh in the fall, has for several years been rather more than \$10 greater than from a like animal fresh in the spring, and this has been nearly all profit.

WHATEVER tends to promote the general health and thrift of the tree will also free both tree and fruit from blight and scab. Good drainage will aid in accomplishing this; so will more open planting of trees, which allows more sunshine among the branches—the great vitalizer and giver of life.

OIL is cheaper than machinery, so use it freely on all the working parts of the mowers and reapers. Lumber is also cheaper, and when not in use every piece should be carefully housed, as well as all the tools used about the farm. Tools, carts and machines rust out much faster than they will wear out.

THE feeding of sulphur to animals and poultry may be excellent at times, but it should never be given in damp weather. If given in excess it causes leg weakness in poultry and also injures larger stock. The simplest remedy for many ailments is linseed meal which should be given in small quantities at first, and gradually increasing the allowance.

THERE is nothing more highly relished by hogs than charcoal. They will help themselves to it, and it will prevent disorders of the bowels. The best mode of giving it is when it is fresh, and if placed in the fire and heated occasionally it will be more serviceable. It corrects the acidity of the stomach, and as it is so cheap a supply should be kept constantly in each pen.

THOUGHT is necessary in breeding, and every improvement that a man makes in his stock is evidence of the improvement of his own mind. Breeding is an elevating and developing business. It broadens men, and it is only a broad man and a man of intellect that can keep up a herd. Try breeding improved stock as a means of keeping the boys on the farm.

HE large sheep are only adapted to rich land. They are great feeders, and the old rule of eight sheep requiring as much pasture as one cow does not apply to them. They will not stand excessive pasturing like fine-wooled sheep; they will grow poor on it. The larger breeds of sheep must generally be kept in small flocks, so that each can get enough to eat.

WHEN butter is salted and worked till it is quite dry or free from moisture the salt will form in minute crystals on the outside of the package. Butter is not as good worked too dry. There should be enough moisture in it to make it pliable. Wash the butter-milk out, but do not be so awful particular about a little water, and then it will not be crusted with salt on the outside of the roll.

THE annual consumption of feathers in this country for bedding purposes is said to amount to 3,000,000 pounds, or 375 car-loads. To furnish this 3,000,000 healthy geese must give up their feathers in a year. The geese furnishing these are to be found mainly in Southern Illinois, Missouri, Arkansas, Tennessee and Kentucky. The climate is cold enough to cause the feathers to be fine and soft, and not too cold to make their care a matter of unprofitable labor to the farmers.

THE distinguished Russian traveler Mr. W. E. Curtis is at present exploring Michigan and presumably buying manuscripts from the natives. In a short time, therefore, we may expect to hear that while he is penetrating the Siberian wilds of the Ypsilanti country, where the medicinal springs gurgled and farm wagons grow on bushes, he succeeded in finding the original sweet singer, who was induced to part with her complete work in consideration of a sum that would pay the paper bill of the home office for a month.

A SUCCESSFUL grower of quinces attributes his success to the fact that most of his trees were set in low, mucky ground, and with such shelter that their fallen leaves and those of an adjoining apple orchard make good annual mulch. He says that it is not the trunk and branches of quince that are tender, but the roots, trees being almost invariably killed in exposed situations, where the frost penetrates deeply. He mulches well with autumn leaves and well-rotted stable manure, saying the better the manure (within reasonable limits) the fairer and larger the fruit. He also believes a vigorous growth prevents, to some extent, the twig-blight and red rust, which are becoming quite common in some sections.

EAST.

The Rev. Dr. Beale Schumaker, late pastor of Trinity Lutheran Church of the Resurrection, expired Monday on board a train near Phenixville, Pa. He was 63 years of age, and one of the best-known Lutheran ministers in America.

Absconding Cashier William B. Smith, of Erie freight house, Mansfield, who was supposed to have fled with Emma Kress to Mexico or Canada, instead deserted her in Columbus, where she was arrested, and on information from her Smith was followed to Tyrone, Pa., and arrested there.

A youth entered the Quebec Bank at Montreal Monday with a soap-box under his arm, placing the box on the floor he reached over a railing, and a bundle of bills containing \$1,000, placed them in the box, and walked off with the money. The clerk was so amazed at the proceeding that they failed to give warning in time, and the boy-thing escaped.

D. D. S. Burrington, of Columbus, O., an invalid, who arrived at Saratoga Springs last Friday with his wife from North Adams, Mass., and made an unsuccessful attempt to commit suicide, shot himself in the head Monday, inflicting mortal wounds.

William Nowlan, of Boston, whose brother Ed was hanged two years ago for murdering William Codman, his employer, was arrested Monday on information that he was plotting a similar deed against his employer, Mr. Russell.

James B. Cance, defaulting book-keeper of the Dolphin Manufacturing Company of Patterson and New York, is assisting in the examination of the books, and it is thought that his deficit may not exceed \$8,000, the greater part of which he spent on a French woman in New York. It is feared that Cance's wife, who is an invalid, will not survive the shock.

League hall games Thursday resulted: Philadelphia 8; Chicago 3—New York 13; Indianapolis 0—Washington 7; Detroit 5—Boston defeated Pittsburgh twice—8 to 0, and 4 to 1.

In the United States Circuit Court at Philadelphia, a jury brought in a verdict of \$148,150 in favor of John W. Wamaker in his suit against Collector of Customs Cadwallader to recover duties claimed to have been levied in excess on silk ribbons. The plaintiff's claim was that the goods should have been classified as hat trimmings, on which a duty of 20 per cent, while the duty levied was 30 per cent.

Wednesday night at Buffalo, N. Y., Henry A. Durfee was horsewhipped by Mrs. Frank Johnson, who claimed that her victim was endeavoring to entice Mr. Johnson from his domestic allegiance. Mrs. Durfee also has a husband.

A fire which broke out Thursday morning on the steamer Havis at Green Point, N. J., spread to other vessels and to the Standard Oil Works. Six firemen were badly injured by explosions of oil, of which 14,000 barrels were consumed. Five vessels were partly burned. The total loss is about \$300,000.

Giuseppe Carusi, Count di Montecarlo of Italy, and Miss Virginia Knox, of Pittsburgh, were married at that city Wednesday with civil Catholic and Protestant ceremonies. They started at once for Italy.

At the National encampment of the Union Veterans' Union at McKeesport, Pa., Wednesday, Robert Alton, of Washington, was elected Commander-in-chief.

A train returning from an excursion at Hazleton, Pa., was wrecked Wednesday evening near Penn Haven, the cars being piled in a shapeless heap. The exact number of the victims is not known, but it is variously reported that from 25 to 30 persons have been killed.

At New York Wednesday James F. Bedell, the law clerk who swindled clients of his employers, Shipman, Barlow, Laroque & Choate, by forged mortgages, was indicted for forgery in the first degree.

William Craig, an employee of the Dayton and Michigan Railroad, was arrested at Lima, Ohio, Wednesday, charged with having broken into and robbed the safe of Frank Renner, of Scott, Ohio, of \$2,000 last August.

Herman and Frederick Deering, twin brothers, 4 years of age, traveling alone, arrived at New York Wednesday from Liverpool, en route to St. Louis, where their parents now live.

Mary Griffin, aged 55, died of voluntary starvation Wednesday in the almshouse at Meriden, Conn. She took nothing but water for fifty-five days.

During the year ended June 30 last the Western Union Telegraph Company earned \$1,817,113, while its expenses, including the dividend, interest, and sinking fund account were \$14,640,692.

A denial comes from Boston of the story that Laura Schirmer, once a leading singer of that city, had been an inmate of the asylum of the insane and had been poisoned by her mother. The exact number of the victims is not known, but it is variously reported that from 25 to 30 persons have been killed.

A. B. Starr, Superintendent of the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne & Chicago Railway, has been arrested in Pittsburgh on a charge of being criminally liable for the death of Harriet Weyman, killed at a crossing a year ago. The engineer of the train was also arrested. Both gave bail.

The American Flint Glass Union, which is fighting the Rochester, Pa. Tumbler Company, proposes to reduce wages of employees working for union firms so that these firms may undersell the Rochester company. The loss in wages will be paid by the union.

The Rev. Edward Towne, who sued Scribner Bros. for breaking a contract for work done on the "Encyclopedia Britannica," has received a verdict of \$5,800.

Isaac V. Williamson, a wealthy Philadelphian, will give that city a fine industrial college, the estimated cost of which is \$3,000,000.

WEST AND SOUTH.

It is reported that Miss Lillian Lewis, the actress, was married Sunday morning at Huntsville, Ala., to her business manager, Lawrence E. Marston.

John Chaffee, one of the largest cotton planters in the United States, and who was funding agent for Jeff Davis' government, died at New Orleans Monday, aged 73.

At Waverly, Iowa, Monday, Mrs. M. E. Billings was arrested on the charge of having committed perjury in her testimony given in the trial of her husband for the murder of County Attorney Kingsley.

A general order was issued Monday reducing the working hours in the mechanical departments of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe system 10 per cent. The reduction affects 10,000 men and will make this weekly payroll \$200,000 small.

The Peoria (Ill.) National Democrat was seized for debt Monday.

A decision affirming the constitutionality of the Chinese exclusion act, recently passed, was rendered Monday at San Francisco by United States Judge Sawyer, who decrees that all Chinese now in the harbor, as well as those on the way here, must be sent back to China.

John Knapp, the millionaire President of the lumber firm of Knapp, Stout & Co., died Sunday of cancer of the face at Menominee, Wis.

Receiver Byron L. Smith, of the Trades Bank, Chicago, reports that the affairs of the bankrupt institution are in a very unsatisfactory shape. It is alleged that Joseph O. Rutter drew \$400,000 out of the institution last year, and an effort is being made to trace the money.

Pauline McCoy, colored, aged 19, was hanged at Union Springs, Ala., Friday, for the murder of Annie Jordan, a white child, aged 14, last February.

At the Topeka, Kan., race track Thursday while James Donnelly was exercising a stallion, his saddle turned and he fell, his foot sticking in the stirrup, and he was dragged along on the ground by the frightened animal, and killed.

Joseph Fields, for eight years Treasurer of Wabash County, Kan., was succeeded Friday by his son, Jerry, who discovered a shortage of \$18,500, and at once made it public. Mr. Fields made an assignment for the benefit of his bondsmen of \$30,000 worth of real estate. The County Commissioners filed against him a charge of embezzlement, which will be heard Nov. 8.

J. C. Webber, Chairman of a township Republican committee, died Friday from injuries caused by falling from the platform of a train while en route from attending the Port Huron, Mich., Fair. The committee, Chairman of the Democratic committee in the same township, had been killed three weeks before by being run over by a young ladies' parade wagon.

In Circuit Court at Adrian, Mich., Friday, five girls, inmates of the Industrial Home, Charles H. Adams, Delia, Minnie Conklin, Mary Parry, and Miss Bazel, pleaded guilty to a charge of arson, having tried to burn Crossed Cottage September 30.

At Beaver, Mo., Friday, during an attack of striking miners on new men who had been brought in to take their places, Thomas Wardell, a wealthy coal operator against whom the men were especially bitter, was shot and killed.

Hugh O. Perkins, of Nilesville, Wis., who murdered his neighbor, Hugh Meadows, May, 1884, and escaped from jail the following November, was arrested Thursday at Windsor, Ont., and brought to Detroit. He was firing on the Michigan Central under the name of Corbett.

J. W. Makenson, a farmer living near Weyau, Ind., who last Monday for his wife's hint, did not return, and Thursday his body was found in the woods, with his head blown to pieces.

At Evansville, Ind., Thursday a young man named Hart, who had been working for different families as hostler and incidentally stealing their diamonds, was arrested on the charge of robbery, and Pawnbroker Pollock, at whose place Hart's stealings, amounting in value to \$1,000, were found, was also arrested.

John White, of Minneapolis, Minn., aged 55, was sentenced at Madison, Wis., Thursday to five years in the penitentiary for forging the signature of Judge Romanzo Bunn, of the United States District Court, to two drafts of \$6 each.

A Grand Encampment, I. O. O. F., of Michigan at Grand Rapids Wednesday, James M. Crosby, of Jackson, was elected Grand Patriarch.

The Presbyterian Synod of Wisconsin and the Upper Peninsula of Michigan convened at Menominee, Mich., Wednesday, electing the Rev. T. S. Johnson Moderator.

President Rogers, of the American Federation of Labor, has issued a call for the annual convention to be held at St. Louis Thursday, Dec. 11.

The twenty-sixth Illinois Regiment of Volunteers met in annual reunion at Morris Wednesday.

H. H. Harris, convicted at Deatur, Ill., Wednesday of forgery and sentenced to six years imprisonment, departed so suddenly after the sentence that when the officers turned to look for him he was not to be found. He had been out on bail.

A display of fireworks in Quincy, Ill., Wednesday night, the grand stand filled with 5,000 people collapsed, injuring several hundred people more or less seriously. The injuries of many of the victims are so severe that grave results are feared.

J. S. Sanford was arrested at Louisville, Ky., Wednesday, on complaint of H. W. Pace, bankers at Camden, Ind. Sanford had bought their bank, giving his note, unsecured, had drawn \$500 and then left, ostensibly to bring his family. Hall & Pace became uneasy for the note might not be good for the \$500 drawn.

Rockford, Ill., voted against license at the last election, but liquor has been sold there clandestinely, and Wednesday the grand jury returned seventy-three indictments against fifteen persons or firms for violating the law.

An engine was run into the round house of the Pennsylvania road at Lake Erie, Ind., Wednesday, and through the brick wall, a reason of a misplaced switch, and while workmen were clearing away the debris part of the roof fell, burying Claus Myers. He was dug out alive, but fatally injured.

A lot of Germans and Scandinavians have been imported to take the place of striking miners in the mines at Beaver, Mo.

The United States steamship inspectors of both the Oceanic and the Chester were to blame for the recent collision and revoked the license of the captain of the Chester. The Oceanic is a British vessel.

Mrs. Eliza Washburn, a member of the salvation army, who was arrested at Bloomington, Ill., for beating a drum in the street, has recovered \$500 in her suit against the city.

Eight desperate criminals in the McLean (Tex.) County Jail overpowered the keeper and his assistants, and escaped. Three hours later all had been recaptured.

POLITICAL POINTS.

Sheriff Hugh J. Grant, Tammany's candidate for Mayor of New York, announced Thursday that for the sake of harmony and the success of the National ticket, he would withdraw from the race, if Mayor Hewitt would do likewise, in favor of a union candidate.

Ed B. Eckardt was nominated for Mayor of New York City by the Republicans Thursday night. A full city and county ticket was put in the field.

The United Labor party at New York Wednesday night nominated James J. Coogan for Mayor; and the Henry D. Purry Association of Democrats will, it is said, further complicate matters by nominating a full county ticket.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

James C. Flood, the California "Bonanza King," died Thursday at Heidelberg, Germany.

Lth CONGRESS.

SENATE.—The conference report on the deficiency bill was agreed to by the Senate. A bill to pay the widow of Chief Justice Waite \$8,745 was referred. The bill as to the counting of the presidential votes was passed by the Senate. It directs that certificates and lists of votes for president and vice president shall be forwarded to the president of the Senate forthwith after the election. The conference report on the bill to give the ballots. Senator Blair's resolution calling on the president for information as to the execution of Riel for high treason in Canada in 1885 was referred to the Senate committee on foreign relations.

HOUSE.—In the House the bill appropriating \$500,000 for the benefit of the Chinese exclusion act was passed on the 9th, as was the Senate bill appropriating \$75,000 to secure to the Chinese freedmen their portion of proceeds of lands. The conference report on the bill to allow persons who have relinquished homestead entries to make another entry was agreed to by the House. The Senate bill was passed by the House on the 9th, 1887, providing for the meeting of presidential electors.

QUINCY'S NIGHT HORROR.

The Celebration Grand Stand Falls With Nearly Five Thousand People.

The second day of the celebration at Quincy, Ill., closed with a terrible accident. A grand amphitheatre had been erected at the corner of 20th and Hampshire streets from which 5,000 people were viewing the display of fireworks. At 8 o'clock the grand stand collapsed, precipitating its occupants to the ground. At least three hundred persons were caught beneath the timbers, and but little hope is entertained of the recovery of several of the victims.

The news of the calamity spread like wild-fire, and the city which was crowded with strangers, was soon wildly excited. The ruins of the collapsed stand were soon surrounded by hosts of workers who hurriedly removed the heavy planks and timbers from the wounded, while anxious men and women were searching among the debris for friends and relatives known to have been on the ruined structure.

The fact that the majority of the victims were hurt below the knees is explained by the fact that the seats were open and that at the time of the crash the people had their legs hanging down, by which the great catastrophe was caused by the fact that the people were not braced on the west end of the amphitheatre.

This terrible accident threw a gloom over the remaining days of the celebration and nearly all arrangements for the succeeding days were cancelled.

WASHINGTON MONUMENT OPENED.

The Elevator Now Carries People 555 Feet Up Toward the Sky.

After lingering for many months the elevator in the Washington Monument was started in running order Wednesday. The machinery was inspected by the officials of the elevator company this morning. It was found to be in good order, and many visitors were carried to the top of the shaft after the elevator was started.

When the elevator was started, it was found that the doors would not open and without form or ceremony the public allowed to enter and be transferred to the height of the monument which is 555 feet. No passes are required, but the custodians have strict orders not to allow any drunken or improper individuals entrance to the monument.

BOTH TO BLAME.

Capt. Metcalf, of the Oceanic, and Capt. Wallace, of the City of Chester, Censured.

The San Francisco federal inspectors of steam vessels have reported in the matter of the collision of the Oceanic and the City of Chester, that both the captains of the vessels were to blame for the collision. The inspectors found that the Oceanic was at fault in not keeping a proper lookout, and that the City of Chester was at fault in not keeping a proper lookout.

J. W. Keely.

John W. Keely, the inventor of "motor man," as he is called, is a native of Philadelphia, Pa., in 1837, went to the public schools, learned the trade of a carpenter, and continued at that trade till 1872. He had a good knowledge of mechanics, and began making experiments, and finally stumbled on what he calls his new force, which he at once put upon the market and has thrived on it ever since. A company was organized and half a million of dollars was placed at his disposal. From that time till now he has lived in hand-to-mouth style and has promised from time to time to give his discovery to the world, but in all the machines he has made there was something wrong. The half million dollars has gone, but he still works and promises. He goes on smilingly, does not seem discouraged, but reads the comic papers, plays the flute, and says he will astonish the world by and by. The majority believe him to be the greatest humbug of the age, while many regard him as a wonder. The future only can settle this question.

An Anecdote of Actor Warren.

Off the stage as well as on Mr. Warren won the affection of the public with whom he came in contact. Not a few stories are told of him in the pleasant light of a genial and kindly gentleman, and often as a witty one. His retort to a lady who remonstrated with him for not going more into society is worth recording: "Why should I go about?" Mr. Warren demanded, "Because everybody wants to meet you," was the reply. "If you would only give us a chance we should be delighted to lionize you," "Oh, well," returned the comedian, "it's much better as it is; I never knew of but one man who was not spoiled by being lionized." "Who was that?" she asked. "The prophet Daniel."

Young ladies returning from their summer outings are very proud of their "tennis skin," as their well-washed cheeks are termed by upstart. But the young fellows who have as yet failed to pay for those pretty thighs, nobby hats and flashy neckties are making two very quick sneaks daily, feeling that their cheeks are hardly bronzed enough for an encounter with the impatient furnisher. This is another kind of "tennis skin."

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO.	
BEANS—Extra.....	6.50
Choice to Fancy.....	6.30
Good Shipping Steers.....	5.40
Port to Medium Steers.....	4.20
Fancy Cows and Heifers.....	2.35
Butter—No. 1.....	1.30
MILK—Cows—per head.....	1.30
Hogs—Mixed.....	5.50
SUPPLY—Live.....	4.50
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring.....	90¢
CORN—No. 2.....	41¢
WHEAT—No. 3.....	35¢
POTATOES—Per bushel.....	30¢
POULTRY—Chicken, live, per lb.....	10¢
DUCK.....	10¢
TURKEYS.....	10¢
BUTTER—No. 1.....	1.30
Fine Dairy.....	1.20
Low Grades.....	1.10
Old Grades.....	1.00
Eggs—Fresh, per doz.....	17¢
ST. LOUIS.	
BEANS—Choice Native.....	6.00
Hogs—Choice.....	6.30
SUPPLY.....	6.40
WHEAT—No. 2.....	85¢
CORN—No. 2.....	40¢
POTATOES—Per bushel.....	30¢
POULTRY—Chicken, live, per lb.....	10¢
DUCK.....	10¢
TURKEYS.....	10¢
BUTTER—No. 1.....	1.30
Fine Dairy.....	1.20
Low Grades.....	1.10
Old Grades.....	1.00
Eggs—Fresh, per doz.....	17¢
MILWAUKEE.	
WHEAT—No. 2, Red.....	94¢
CORN—No. 2.....	39¢
OATS.....	20¢
TOLEDO.	
WHEAT—No. 2, Red.....	91¢
CORN—No. 2.....	44¢
OATS.....	24¢
DETROIT.	
WHEAT—No. 2, Red.....	1.01
CORN—No. 2.....	39¢
OATS.....	20¢
KANSAS CITY.	
WHEAT—Grain and Corn Fed.....	5.00
STEEPS—Grass Range.....	2.25
WHEAT—No. 2, Soft.....	90¢
CORN—No. 2.....	40¢
OATS.....	20¢

A CRASH OF DEATH. FULLER IN OFFICE.

Complete Particulars of the Awful Railroad Collision at Mud Run, Pennsylvania.

From Sixty to Seventy Happy People in an Instant Killed or Mangled in the Wreck.

A special dispatch from Wilkesbarre, Pa., dated October 17th, says: Yesterday was a glad day at Hazleton, Pa., as the busy borough on the mountain had never known before. Twenty thousand people had assembled to do honor to the memory of the temperance apostle, Father Matthew. The town was brilliant with decorations; the streets were thronged with patriotic Irishmen with their wives and children, bands of music filled the thoroughfares with music, and banners and bright regalia added brilliancy to the glittering pageant.

Seven special trains from Lackawanna County and six from this region rolled into Hazleton depot, freighted with light-hearted humanity, and other special swells of the region. As they finally saw the scene of the catastrophe, the people were brought in people from all directions, and it is safe to say that never before has the Lehigh Valley road handled such a passenger traffic as it did yesterday.

The festivities of the day ended the multitude boarded the trains for the journey home with no thought of danger. Two sections came through safely, the third was near the home, the fourth, composed of Jersey Central cars, and freighted mostly with Lackawanna people, stopped at Mud Run, a station between Penn Junction and White Haven, for water. The fifth was following close behind. Passengers on it watched the light of the one ahead as they flew through the darkness, and as they finally saw the third section standing a little way ahead of the run they wondered why their train did not slacken its speed.

As it dashed along at full speed Fireman Hughey Gallagher of the fourth section directed the attention of his engine men, Harry Cook to the signal light of the third and jumped from the cab. The engineer followed him and an instant later the crash came.

The flying engine plowed nearly through the rear car, scalding, jamming, and killing the unfortunate occupants. This car was jammed into the next ahead of it and that into the third, the three cars being a total wreck. The lights were dying and in response to the injured and groans of the dying were heard on every side.

After the first shock was over those who were able began the work of rescue. An effort to withdraw the engine from the car in which it was jammed added to the suffering of the injured and dying, and in response to their cries the effort was relinquished.

There the monster stood actually cooking the unfortunates with its escaping steam. The scenes at the Lehigh Valley depot this morning were heartrending. Hundreds of men, women and children thronged the platform and waiting-rooms, all talking about the disaster. Each person was sure that some relative or friend was among the dead or injured.

Supt. Mitchell, who was at the scene of the disaster doing his best to get the dead out of the wreck, telegraphed at 10 o'clock that it was a difficult task to identify the dead owing to the absence of friends. All day long his office was besieged by the anxious inquirers. Many came in with the names of the missing, and their faces and their questions were put between heart-broken sobs. In each instance these stated they had sons on the ill-starred train and believed them to be numbered among the dead.

At the morning hours advanced the crowds at the Lehigh Valley depot augmented until a thousand sorrowful people moved in and out of the building. The company posted a bulletin of the dead in a conspicuous place as rapidly as dispatches were received, and when the first bulletin was displayed containing the names of the four who had been identified the plaintive shrieking of grief was seen in all quarters. Eagerly the crowd waited for further intelligence. To the anxious throngs the news appeared to come too slow, but this was all owing to the difficulty of identification.

Mr. Essor, who was at Supt. Mitchell's office all day, said that about 5,000 passengers on the excursion yesterday, there were eighty-seven coaches in all, and the train was broken into eight sections. Before the accident four sections of the excursion train had passed Mud Run. The train ahead of the one that was run into laid at Mud Run waiting for the passenger train to go by. When this train passed the train ahead of the one that was wrecked pulled safely out. The other then pulled up ready to start after the expiration of ten minutes the time fixed upon as the division between the running of the excursion sections. Every precaution was taken to warn all approaches that the train was passing until the last moment that the train was passing. The train, and Operator Slogan hung out a red light at the station, while James Hunnigan, the rear brakeman, was back on the culvert with a red light which, he says, could be seen for a half-mile down the track. The bodies of the dead were removed to White Haven, and the survivors cared for them as best they could preparatory to removal to that city.

At 6:30 this evening the funeral train arrived in Wilkesbarre, bearing fifty-seven bodies. They had been partially prepared for burial and lay upon boards placed upon the seats in the three passenger coaches. It was a sad sight indeed, to look through the long coaches at the bodies, each covered with a white cloth. Here the form of a boy of 12 years and beside it a stalwart man.

As the train drew up to the Wilkesbarre depot, a dozen policemen were required to keep back the throngs of people who were relatives who had come from Scranton and Pleasant Valley to meet their dead. A special coach had been provided for these friends, but they insisted on entering the cars containing the dead, and were only stopped by force and the efforts of five priests who were on the train. One body was removed from the cars at Wilkesbarre, and the train continued up the Delaware and Hudson road to Miner's Mills and Scranton.

The people in the special coach again began to clamor for permission to enter the funeral cars, but were again refused, it being alleged that no one would be the wiser.

Several who were in search of missing friends became desperate and soon began to down the cars doors and began a frantic search for their loved ones. Cloths were torn from the mangled and scalded bodies, revealing the gay uniforms of St. Aloysius men, cadets, and other members of so-called "clubs." One body, whose relatives were on board also flooded with tears, began rearranging the attire or coverings of the corpses. Many were distorted and in horrible attitudes, and friends endeavored to lessen their frightful appearance.

At Miner's Mills the train stopped to leave the body of James Flynn. No lights could be obtained and much of the work was done in partial darkness.

It was the train drew up at Pleasant Valley that the most heart-rending scenes were enacted. Ropes had been stretched about the depot and guards kept the immenses throng back. The shrieks and screams of stricken friends and relatives were pitiful in the extreme. The first body carried out was that of Oscar Gibbons, 13 years of age, borne in the arms of his stalwart brother; then one after another forty-six white-sheeted bodies were carried out and given into the charge of friends. The shrieks and cries of the women and the harsh shouts and imprecations of the men made a terrible scene. When all were out the train pulled out to beat the points beyond.

Chicago's Brilliant Lawyer Takes the Oath and Now Heads the Judiciary of the Country.

With Clear Voice and Distinct Enunciation He Recites Solemn Words so Seldom Heard.

The brief and simple but impressive ceremony of installing a chief justice of the United States, was performed at noon Monday for the eighth time in the history of the nation. Melville Fuller is the seventh of the chief justices if we omit Justice Rutledge, who was never confirmed by the Senate, and retired after presiding over court one term.

FOR THE LADIES.

Life in Capri—Americans of Note—The Happiest Woman Moments, Etc.

A Fair Pilgrim.

You know her, I think—at any rate she grew—a flower of your fair state; Wind-tossed, her leaves of thought unfurled And fluttered to the gray Old World; And her mind with knowledge deep is sown Of times and lands—except her own!

She travels lands of frost and flowers, Of Moorish domes and Gothic towers; Cathedral grand, and musk-mixed walls, 'Neath Arabs' tents, in Monarchs' halls, 'Till in the Sphinx's graven face She can the centuries retrace.

Northward, till in his hut of snow She sees the furred Eskimau. The Norsemen tell her sagas old Of Odin, Thor and Yngling bold; And with Italia's sky above She hears the Southron's songs of love.

But ne'er with heart-thrill proud and free She sings, "My country, 'tis of thee!" At Waterloo she stands—and still Has never heard of Bunker Hill. Her eyes may gaze at Alpine height, But calls our vale the Yosemite!

Fair England's parks and gardens known, But not the wondrous Yellowstone. And ne'er has seen the glacial lake, Niagara's splendor when the Day Waits at her Western gate to fling Her colors to her crowned King!

Thus, with far-sighted eyes, looks o'er The treasures gathered at her door. And her own land an unseen moor. In the fair world's kaleidoscope. Ah, well!—But we're so wise you know, Don't you just wish that we could go!

—[GRACE DUFFIE ROE.]

A Peaceful Life.

In an article entitled "A Woman of Capri," in *Woman*, Beatrice Presswood King says: They have a strange way in this little place, I found, of betrothing the girls to the young men before the latter leave the town. As few of them are able to either read or write long letters pass by without a word from the lover or "spoza" reaching the patient girl at home. It is not a rare thing to meet here young couples who were engaged for ten, twelve or fifteen years before fortune was sufficiently favorable to allow them to wed.

One cannot soon get rich on 30 cents a day, and that is the wages of a man in Capri. This is perhaps the reason why so many men leave the island, leaving the women at home to take care of the vineyards and olive groves.

It is a picturesque scene, these women with their gay costumes, rich complexions, bright, flashing eyes, at work in the fields or leading their flock of goats up the mountain side to pasture. Their feet are always bare, and become so hard that it is simply wonderful what they can endure. They will walk over the roads covered with sharp, flinty stones, climb the rugged mountain side, and be quite as comfortable as if walking on the softest carpet.

In fact, for hardness, their feet resemble those of the Western girl, who, when told by her mother that there was a red-hot coal under her foot, drew out without moving an inch: "Which foot is it under, mammy?" Yet the feet of these women are by no means misshapen, but, on the contrary, are perfect models for any artist.

During my stay on the island I enjoyed the rare treat of witnessing the grand festival of San Antonio, this being the great feast of the year.

One of the most attractive features to me was the procession of white-robed maidens wending their way through the narrow streets lined with white-walled houses. From the top of these walls friends and lovers showed down the sweet-smelling golden San Antonio flour upon the procession below. The girls were all wreathed with flowers, and carried in their hands either hand-knitted lighted images, and chanted as they walked, surrounded by clouds of smoke from swinging censers.

Through the town and up the winding stone stairs cut in the mountain side they passed to the chapel, where the religious services were held. After that came the feasting and dancing and the music, over which they became greatly excited.

The numberless movements of their favorite dance, the "Tarantata," and the easy, graceful forms of the dancers as they swayed backward and forward was indeed a pleasing, exhilarating sight. The "Tarantata" is danced by three couples only, the men dancing round the women and then kneeling as suppliants at their feet. The women raise them, and with airy movements dance round them. Then they separate into pairs, advancing and retreating, and again dancing together. The figures of the dance are but a small part of the beauties; there is an indescribable fascination in the free and graceful movements of the arms, head, and, in fact, the whole body.

The Happy Wife.

Bel Thistlethwaite in *Toronto Globe*: Don't give yourself airs because you are engaged, while your older sister isn't. Old maids are fashionable at present, particularly when they have ideas of their own, with careers to match. After you have patiently folded your brown wings within the portal of home, while she is "career-ing" without, it will not be so certain that all the advantages are on your side. To succeed as a wife you must be as unselfish as an angel; to succeed in a man's work you must be as selfish as a man. This implies no reproach to the despised sex. It is amusing to hear women denounce the selfishness of men, when that selfishness, cultivated, of course, in moderation, is a wise protection of the nature, directly designed for the benefit of wives and families. Whatever you do, don't marry a conspicuously unselfish man. He will be frank and gay, open-hearted and open-handed, a delightful companion, popular with everybody. You will begin life in comfort, be reduced to poverty, descend into debt, and people will wonder why your husband ever married such a sour-faced wife. But these half-fellow-well-met young men generally do marry sweet-faced girls, who degenerate into sour-faced wives. Some one must bear the burden of support, some one must plan the ways and means and feel anxious and careworn at times, and where the husband shirks these obligations as being inconsistent with his gay and amiable disposition, it is the wife who has to assume them.

If there are any reforms that you wish to inaugurate, any changes that you desire to effect in the character or habits of the man of your choice, now is the time for prompt and decisive action. Make up your mind whether you will allow smoking in the parlor, or have a private smoking-car built for the purpose, or whether you will discountenance it altogether. If the latter, be sure to come out fairly and squarely on the subject. The woman who hesitates is lost; and it is useless to try and break him of the habit by offering him a cigar of a brand bad enough to have been invented by Trask, the great anti-tobacco reformer! This will not distinguish him with tobacco. It will only create a morbid craving for a box of the best cigars. But you say why not defer the discussion of such disagreeable subjects until after marriage? Because the fewer subjects of that sort you discuss after marriage the better it will be for you. Where, then, is the influence of a wife over a husband in breaking up the bad habits of a life-time? Where are the snows of yesterday?

You will expect me to say something about the necessity of being able to make a shirt and bake a loaf of bread, but I am just as tired of the shirt and bread style of talk as you are. One thing, however, I will say. Any girl of fair average intelligence who will give her mind to the subject can master the science of cooking, root and branch, in a period of time not exceeding three months. It is nonsense to think that only a life-long acquaintance with the broom and frying-pan can make one adept in their use.

This is all, except that where people look at you with knowing eyes, or with a sickly smile, or with the expression of bottomless idocy, you needn't appear to take any notice of it.

American Women of Title.

Lady Harcourt of England was Miss Motley of Boston.

Prince de Lynar of France married Miss Parsons of Ohio.

Miss Jerome of New York is now Lady Churchill of England.

Miss Gordon of Ohio became Baroness Quatorze of Belgium.

Countess Amadea of Italy was Miss Louis of Connecticut.

Miss Blunt of Mobile became the wife of Baron de Riviere of Italy.

Miss Sharon of California is now known as Lady Hesketh of England.

Countess Galli of Italy is known in Philadelphia as Miss Roberts.

Baroness de Charette of Italy was once simply Miss Polk of Tennessee.

Lord Mandeville of England chose Miss Yznaga of New York for his wife.

Miss Mackay of California became by marriage Princess Colonna of Italy.

Miss Blake of Boston now writes her name Countess de Coetlogan of Italy.

The wife of Marquis de Valori of France was a Miss Ledoux of New Orleans.

Count Leonetti of Italy visited South Carolina and made Miss Chisholm a countess.

The Countess de Susaure of France once signed her letters "Miss French, Albany."

A lady of Philadelphia changed the title Miss Smith for Baroness Von Frison, Germany.

Miss Ridgeway of Philadelphia now lives in France, being known as Marquise de Gauey.

Miss Hamilton of California was the belle of her state till she became Lady Waterson of England.

Miss Von Hoffman of New York was transformed by matrimony into Marquise de Mores of France.

Prince Ruspoli came all the way from Italy to New Orleans to make Miss Broadwood a princess.

When the Philadelphia friends of Miss Moore wrote to her they address the epistles "Baroness Von Rosen, Sweden."

Miss Millenberger was a charming belle of New Orleans, but she captivated the heart of an Italian nobleman and is now Viscountess de Boys.

Gossip for the Ladies.

Mrs. Secretary Lamar will go to the White Mountains this summer to avoid hay-fever.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward, the author of "Robert Elsmere," is already writing another novel.

A Mrs. Cheeta won the first prize for the best butter in a recent dairy conference in Ludlow, Eng.

Marietta Holley, the author of "Josiah Allen's Wife," is said to be the worst penwoman of all the women engaged in literary pursuits.

One of the highest prices ever paid an author for a manuscript was that of \$15,000 which Mrs. Augusta Evans received from her publishers for her "Infelice" before the book went to press.

Just before selling the furniture of an old lady at Ryde, England, the executor examined an ancient bureau and discovered a secret drawer in which were upward of 1,000 sovereigns, closely packed.

Mme. de Heredia, the mother of the ex-Minister of Public Works, who died the other day, has bequeathed a good deal of money to the poor of Paris, a special sum being set aside for the needy inhabitants of her own quarter—that of the Plaine Monceux.

Mme. Daudet, Alphonse Daudet's wife, who is becoming known in the literary world as "Karl Sterne," is credited with adding much to her husband's reputation by her taste and good judgment. He reads all his works aloud to her for criticism before publishing them.

The ladies of Indianapolis have organized a club on the same basis of rules as govern the clubs of the other sex. Stocks in the club can be held by women, and the objects of the organization are: "To promote and encourage literary and scientific purposes, and to buy, hold, mortgage, and sell real estate, and to erect and furnish a suitable building used for literary, artistic, scientific, musical and educational purposes, and thus to provide a centre of cultivation for the public, and particularly the women of Indianapolis, Ind."

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

The Eloquent Divine Discourses on the Three Greatest Things To Do.

Almost Every Man and Woman Is at Talma and Another Near Demolition.

Dr. Talmage chose for his subject on Sunday "The Three Greatest Things to Do." His text was Daniel xi, 32: "The people that do know, their God shall be strong, and do exploits." Following this text, he said:

Antiochus Epiphanes came down three times with his army to desolate the Jews, advancing one time with a hundred and two thousand elephants swinging their trunks this way and that, and sixty-two thousand infantry and six thousand cavalry troops, and they were driven back. The second time he came with a hundred and twenty thousand men, and he had again defeated. But the third time he laid successful siege until the navy of Rome came in with the flash of their long lances and the roar of their cannon, and he was lifted. And Antiochus Epiphanes said he wanted time to consult with his friends about it, and Pophus, one of the Roman ambassadors, took a staff and made a circle on the ground around Antiochus Epiphanes and compelled him to decide before he came out of that circle; whereupon he lifted the siege. Some of the Jews, and some of the Romans, invaded, but some of them resisted valiantly, as did Eleazar when he had swine's flesh forced into his mouth, spit it out, although he knew he would die for it, and did die, and others, as my text says, were enabled to do exploits.

An exploit I would define to be a heroic act, a brave feat, a great achievement, a deed which will live in the memory of men. "Well," you say, "I admire such things, but there is no chance for me; mine is a sort of a humdrum life. If I had an Antiochus Epiphanes to fight, I should be glad to do it. You are right so far as great wars are concerned. There will probably be no opportunity to distinguish yourself in battle. The most of the brigades and regiments of the country would never have been heard of had it not been for the war. Gen Grant would have remained in the useful work of tanning hides, and General Sherman would have continued the quiet college professor in Virginia. And whatever military talents you have will probably lie dormant forever, heretofore and hereafter."

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been a hard season for young merchants, and this prolonged cool weather has put many in the doldrums, and I have been thinking of you a good deal of late, for just after I started on my journey I once told you the same thing. Now if there is anything I can do to help you out I will gladly do it. Peter just put those goods out of sight for the present, and I will keep them out of sight until you want them. I will help you to some goods that you can sell for me on commission, and I will go down to one of the wholesale dealers and select for you a lot of goods, and I will back you up, and if you want a few dollars to bridge over the present I can let you have them. Be as economical as you can, and keep a staff and make a circle on the ground around Antiochus Epiphanes and compelled him to decide before he came out of that circle; whereupon he lifted the siege. Some of the Jews, and some of the Romans, invaded, but some of them resisted valiantly, as did Eleazar when he had swine's flesh forced into his mouth, spit it out, although he knew he would die for it, and did die, and others, as my text says, were enabled to do exploits.

Antiochus Epiphanes came down three times with his army to desolate the Jews, advancing one time with a hundred and two thousand elephants swinging their trunks this way and that, and sixty-two thousand infantry and six thousand cavalry troops, and they were driven back. The second time he came with a hundred and twenty thousand men, and he had again defeated. But the third time he laid successful siege until the navy of Rome came in with the flash of their long lances and the roar of their cannon, and he was lifted. And Antiochus Epiphanes said he wanted time to consult with his friends about it, and Pophus, one of the Roman ambassadors, took a staff and made a circle on the ground around Antiochus Epiphanes and compelled him to decide before he came out of that circle; whereupon he lifted the siege. Some of the Jews, and some of the Romans, invaded, but some of them resisted valiantly, as did Eleazar when he had swine's flesh forced into his mouth, spit it out, although he knew he would die for it, and did die, and others, as my text says, were enabled to do exploits.

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Antiochus Epiphanes came

The Ypsilantian.

THURSDAY, OCT. 18, 1888.

Registration.

All Voters in the City Have to be Registered Anew.

Under the city charter of Ypsilanti, a new registration of all voters in the several wards of this city must be made this fall. The statute requires the Boards of Registration to meet on the Saturday preceding the election, which will be the 3d day of November, and on such other days as the City Council shall appoint, not exceeding three days. Under the authority so conferred, and for the purpose of perfecting the new registry lists, the Council at their meeting last Monday evening appointed Friday, Nov. 2; so the days for the meeting of the Boards in the several wards will be Friday and Saturday, Nov. 2 and 3, during which days every voter in the city should see that his name is properly registered. No man can vote in this city this year by reason of having his name now on the register. It must be on the new register; and it is necessary for every man who wants to vote, to see to it for himself, during those days, that his name is registered; and then see to it for his neighbor also. Voters in the towns do not re-register this year.

You Take Your Choice.

Below are printed the names of the candidates offered for the choice of our people on the 6th of November. It is the first time they have been printed complete in this city. Our own ticket was only completed last week, by the nomination of Mr. Cornwell for Senator, and neither of the able and zealous democrat organs here has yet printed their complete ticket. The prohibition ticket, so far as we can learn from its supporters here or from the public prints, has never been completed. There are enough, though—a matter of 111 names as it stands, not counting the Bella Lockwood and the union and united labor tickets, which do not much interest our people:

NATIONAL.
Republican. Democrat. Prohibition.
Benj. Harrison. Grover Cleveland. Clinton B. Fisk.
For Vice President,
Oliver P. Morton. A. G. Thurman. John A. Brooks.

STATE OF MICHIGAN.
For Electors of President and Vice President.
1. R. A. Alger. 2. Jos. Sterling. 3. A. D. Powers.
4. Isaac Clapp. 5. William Ryan. 6. Chas. Mosher.
7. Edward Burke. 8. Dow Edmond. 9. C. H. Mills.
10. J. E. Beal. 11. Chas. H. Dewey. 12. G. W. Cheever.
13. R. Kinnaman. 14. W. B. Thompson. 15. S. S. Sargent.
16. J. W. French. 17. Wm. Killifer. 18. R. D. May.
19. Donald Leathers. 20. Wm. B. Curtis. 21. W. D. Edsall.
22. Jas. M. Turner. 23. J. W. Beagle. 24. D. H. Graham.
25. S. S. Thompson. 26. T. W. Crocker. 27. J. M. Gordon.
28. E. P. Grabbill. 29. A. W. Nichols. 30. Thos. Merrill.
31. W. W. Cammer. 32. Geo. Goodell. 33. J. P. Roder.
34. H. P. Merrill. 35. Wm. McArthur. 36. Silas H. Lane.
37. Perry Hannah. 38. J. C. Rancard. 39. Solomon Steel.
40. Cyrus G. Lucas. 41. W. E. Burt. 42. A. B. Cheney.

For Lieutenant Governor,
J. H. MacDonald. Wm. B. Moran. S. B. Williams.
For Secretary of State,
G. R. Osmun. T. D. Hawley. Peter N. Hagle.
For State Treasurer,
George L. Maltz. John G. Norton. Alfred Wise.

For Auditor General,
Henry H. Apple. Bartley Brown. D. A. Waterman.
For Commissioner of the Land Office,
Roscoe D. Dix. Smith W. Fowler. G. P. Waring.
For Attorney General,
S. V. R. Trowbridge. Adolph A. Ellis. Lemuel Clute.
For Superintendent of Public Instruction,
Jos. Estabrook. Stuart Mackibbin. J. Montgomery.
For Member of State Board of Education,
Perry H. Powers. Charles E. King. Wm. A. Heatt.

SECOND CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.
For Representative in Congress,
Edward P. Allen. Willard Stearns. C. N. Fellows.

FOURTH SENATORIAL DISTRICT.
For State Senator,
Clark Cornwell. James Gorman.

WASHTENAW COUNTY.
For Judge of Probate,
Geo. S. Wheeler. J. W. Babbitt. R. Copland.
For County Clerk,
Morton F. Case. Fred A. Lowrey. Alvin Wiley.
For County Treasurer,
Wm. A. Tuomey. Gustave Brehm. S. W. Parsons.
For Register of Deeds,
Albert Gardner. Michael Seery. Edward Glover.
For Sheriff,
J. H. Martin. Charles Dwyer. Alfred Miller.
For Prosecuting Attorney,
J. F. Lawrence. M. J. Lehman. David Taylor.
For Circuit Court Commissioners,
E. C. Moriarty. Frank Joelyn.
Charles H. Kilie. Pat McKernan.

For Coroners,
Wm. F. Breakley. Martin Clark.
Frank K. Owen. Edward Batwell.
For Surveyor,
John K. Yocum. C. S. Woodard.

LEGISLATIVE DISTRICTS.
For Representatives,
1. A. J. Sawyer. 2. N. N. Gregory. Geo. Merrill.
3. B. B. Wortley. Jas. L. Lowden. C. C. Warner.

Board of Supervisors.

The new Board organized last week by electing J. V. N. Gregory chairman, and he appointed the following standing committees:

On equalization—Kress, Gilbert, Butts, Stevens, Dunsingburg.
On public buildings—Butts, Gilbert, Hughes.
On rejected taxes—Dewey, Duncan, Case.
To settle with county officers—O'Hearn, Thompson, Duncan.
On salaries of county officers—Burch, Gardner, Mann.
On appointment of state and county taxes—Breining, Crippen, Hutchinson.
On public buildings—Butts, Gilbert, Hughes.
On rejected taxes—Dewey, Duncan, Case.
To examine accounts of sup'ts of the poor—Hutchinson, Braun, Osborn.
On finance—Mann, Thompson.
On drains—Davenport, Crippen, Burch.
On printing—Stevens, Graves, Kress.
On per diem allowance—Breining, Gardner, Dwyer.

The basis of equalization was fixed at \$25,000,000, and the resolution respecting the deposit of county moneys was readopted and the clerk was instructed to ask for bids from the several city banks.

The Probate Judge reported 11 commitments to the insane asylum, and the clerk reported 303 prisoners in the jail, during the year.

One of the Bravest.

This is the title of the play at the opera house next Saturday night, on the occasion of the Cornwell Fire Co.'s benefit. Mr. Charles McCarthy, as Larry Howard the Fireman, is supported by a full company of first class comedians, and the play has won great applause in all of the cities. Our citizens will doubtless remember the boys and give them a good benefit. Reserved seats at W. R. Davis' shoe store and Samson's drug store.

"The Corner Grocery," Monday evening is a three-act comedy which presents the bad boy in all his atrocity, and has made audiences howl with delight all over the country. Seats at Dodge's.

Mrs. Catherine Stumpfenhusen, mother of Mrs. Sumner Damon, was buried this morning, in the Udell burying ground.

Anyone wishing to engage the professional services of Miss Betsey Gates, will call on Mrs. P. W. Carpenter, south Washington street.

Neighborhood.

WILLIS.

Mrs. Morris Niles of Eatons Mills died of paralysis, Oct. 13.

Mr. Northrup of West Sumpter died on the 14th of hemorrhage of the lungs. He was an old resident of Sumpter, and highly spoken of as a useful citizen.

Miss Elsie Bradshaw is spending a few days with Mrs. S. P. Ballard.

Solomon Niles of Eatons Mills is very low with bloody flux.

George Bennett commences the manufacture of sorghum molasses this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Niles of East Milan are visiting friends at Willis and vicinity.

NORTHFIELD.

Our new pastor, Rev. A. Crane, did not reach his work until week before last, and owing to misunderstanding of the hour of service did not preach to us until last Sabbath. The reason of the delay was sickness and death in his family. He was called home from conference on account of the illness of one of his children, who died during the week in which he would have moved. He graduated from the profession of school teaching into the ministry some eleven years ago, and has been successful as a preacher. He seems to be a man who is solid in both body and mind. Will weigh pretty well up to two hundred pounds, sticks to his text and preached to us last Sabbath a logical, pointed and practical sermon. He is a very plume man, as every minister should be, and is evidently thoroughly methodical. We have no doubt but that he will be very useful in his labors among us.

RAWSONVILLE.

Mrs. Fred A. Morse of Cleveland, O., is visiting relatives at this place.

Mrs. C. Y. Gorman of Aurora, Ill., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Yeckley.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. David R. Owen, on Oct. 15, a son.

Mrs. Flora Marion of Detroit has been visiting relatives the past week at this place.

Henry Owen is now a resident of Ypsilanti, having gone into the drug business in that place.

Mr. A. Roberts is now the lessee of the Rogers' half of the flour mill.

C. J. Barlow has purchased the Bucklin property on Main street.

A "mill" occurred a short distance from this place last Sunday morning. We refrain from giving the names of participants in such a disgraceful affair.

STONEY CREEK.

Miss Maggie Lowery spent last week with friends in Ypsilanti.

Messrs. Lowery, Crittenden and Campbell attended the synod last week.

Mr. T. L. Buck and wife spent the Sabbath with friends at Ypsilanti.

Mr. Low and wife returned to their home at Lansing, Monday.

The young people of the Presbyterian church will give a social at the residence of Mrs. Welch, Oct. 26. All are cordially invited.

LIMA.

The republicans of this township held a very enthusiastic meeting at the town hall last Saturday evening, addressed by the Hon. A. J. Sawyer and John F. Lawrence of Ann Arbor. Although the weather was inclement, a good audience was out, and telling speeches were made to attentive listeners. Geo. S. Wheeler was billed to be present but was unable to do so.

Farmers are very busy securing their corn and apple crop. Corn is good but apples short and of poor quality.

Benefit of the Cornwell Fire Co.



YPSILANTI OPERA HOUSE

ONE NIGHT ONLY:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20.

Prices, 75, 50, 35 and 25 Cents.

CHAS. MCCARTHY'S

ONE OF THE BRAVEST

By F. E. PRICE, Esq.

The Versatile Character Actor and Comedian, Mr. Charles McCarthy, as Larry Howard, the Fireman, supported by a first-class company of comedians, including the great and only William Cronin.

A car load of Special Scenery and Effects. The Greatest Fire Scene ever produced. New Songs and New Dances.

Produced at an enormous expense, under the management of Harry Doel Parker.

Reserved Seats on Sale at Davis' Shoe Store and Samson's Drug Store.

YPSILANTI OPERA HOUSE

ONE NIGHT ONLY:

MONDAY, OCTOBER 22nd!

The Funniest Show on Earth. The Famous

Corner Grocery!

As played 280 times in New York City, and from Ocean to Ocean, including the natural Irish Comedian.

John D. Griffin!

And a Complete Comedy Company, together with the Corner Grocery's \$10,000 Challenge Band and Orchestra.

Prices, 25, 35, 50 and 75 Cents.

Seats for Sale at Dodge's Jewelry Store.

SALESMEN WANTED

To handle our reliable

NURSERY STOCK

We engage men on liberal commission or on salary and expenses, and guarantee permanent employment and success.

Facilities unequalled, prices reasonable, outfit free. Decided advantages to beginners. Write

Ellwanger & Barry, Rochester, N. Y.

4557

FOR SALE CHEAP!

House and Lot on Oak street.

\$50 or \$100 down, and small monthly payments.

J. N. WALLACE.

5461

Some time since, the Sentinel published a sensational—and the Sentinel is nothing if not sensational—a sensational account of how Oliver Ames & Sons sold shovels to Messrs. Ladner & Bros. for their American store at \$6 per dozen, and the same shovel to the same parties for their Mexican store at \$3.91 per dozen. Mr. Ames now writes to Mr. Hoyt of New York, that they never sold any goods to this firm, and furthermore, that they have but one price to all parties. Will the Sentinel be honest enough to publish this contradiction by Mr. Ames? or will it supplement its attempted deception by another equally as absurd and equally false? We shall see.

The people of Dixboro and vicinity showed off their good nature last Tuesday night, Oct. 16, by assembling en masse at the M. E. parsonage and more perfectly forming the acquaintance of their new pastor, Rev. H. Palmer, and family. It was a pound social and the pounding was vigorous and profitable. The Free church five miles south of here was well represented also. The Elder and his family enjoyed the pounding very much indeed, and already feel the "lines have fallen in pleasant places." The pounds were substantial and plenty.

Messrs. McMahon & Chase own a large modern creamery at Stowe, Vt., captured the sweepstakes premium over all creamery butter at the Vermont State Fair this year. In their report they state that their butter was brought to its beautiful shade by the use of THATCHER'S ORANGE BUTTER COLOR. Dairymen and creamerymen should be particular to have their butter colored just right, and as THATCHER'S COLOR is found in most prize packages they should procure this kind. It is sold everywhere, and is manufactured by Thatcher Manufacturing Co., Potsdam, N. Y.

Five Harvest Excursions.

The Burlington Route, C. B. & Q. R. R., will sell on Tuesdays, August 21st, Sept. 11th and 25th, and Oct. 9th and 23d, Harvest Excursion Tickets at Half Rates to the Farming Regions of the West, Southwest and Northwest. Limit thirty days.

For circular giving details concerning tickets, rates, time of train, etc., and for descriptive land folder, call on your Ticket Agent, or address P. S. Eustis, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago.

3759

G. W. SLAYTON, Com. of Highways.

15th, 1888.

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A Druggist Says.

Marvin C. Brown, Druggist, Merdith Village, N. H., says: I have sold your Sulphur Bitters for years, and, contrary to most medicines, I never sold a bottle to any one who said it did not help them. They cured me of those terrible sick headaches when every other remedy failed. 5859

T. S. ANDERSON, Pres. M. S. SMITH, V. P.

R. S. MASON, Cashier.

State Savings Bank.

91 Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.

CASH CAPITAL, - \$200,000.

Four per cent. interest paid on Savings deposits. Deposits—R. L. says: I have sold your Sulphur Bitters for years, and, contrary to most medicines, I never sold a bottle to any one who said it did not help them. They cured me of those terrible sick headaches when every other remedy failed. 5859

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